Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Rapid Photo Printing Co.*

A new picture of Miss Morris Clarke

One of the stately "Gibson Girls," in *The Catch of the Season*, at the Vaudeville Theatre

No. 76 · Vol V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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EXQUISITE ILLUMINATED GARDENS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"In Peace and War." Autobiographical Sketches, by Sir John Furley. (Smith, Elder: 10s. 6d. net.)

"Spring in a Shropshire Abbey." By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. (Smith, Elder: 9s. net.)

"A Hymn to Dionysus and other Poems." By Margaret Sackville. (Elkin Mathews: 3s. 6d.)

"The Rhymer's Lexicon." Compiled and edited by Andrew Loring. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. (Routledge: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Les Veillées du Gerfault." By Count Jean de Sabran Pontevés. With 50 illustrations. (London: Hachette.)

"Rose of the World." A Novel. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"A Prince of Lovers." A Romance. By Sir William Magnay. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Millions of Mischief." A Novel. By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"A Book of Bridge." By "Pontifex." (Blackie: 5s. net.)

Novel Bridge Competition.

CHANCES FOR BEGINNERS

Money Prizes Every Week.

SEE PAGE X.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 17, 1905

The conduct of Admiral Rohjdestvensky in hugging the shores of Kamranh Bay, with a persistency and doggedness truly remarkable, has had the effect of nearly bringing about very serious international complications. It is not too much to say now, that for some hours last week people who were in the "know" suffered great anxiety, for Japan's patience seemed to be at straining point, and the slightest indiscretion on either side might have had consequences so disastrous that we dare not contemplate them.

* * *

Fortunately, however, France was genuinely solicitous to smooth matters. She has no desire to become involved in this wretched war, although it is quite possible Russia would see her way out of her dilemma, could she embroil both England and France. But Russia is the ally of France, and stood at her back during a very ticklish period, and, therefore, France cannot, when fortune has not been entirely auspicious to Russia, turn her back on her ally. France has, in fact, been in a very delicate position of late. She wishes to remain neutral and yet not be accused by Russia of infidelity or perfidy. Rohjdestvensky has been a very unwelcome guest on her shores at Kamranh Bay we may be sure, but the difficulty of maintaining neutrality without offending Russia, or of allowing the Russians to remain in the vicinity without entangling herself with Japan, presented a very difficult problem.

The Victor Hugo Monument, by the French sculptor, Pallez

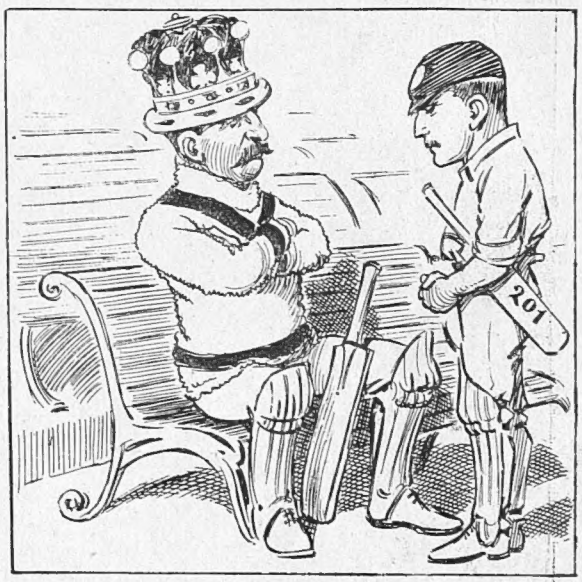
Offered to the city of Rome by the *Ligue Franco-Italienne*, of Paris, and unveiled, on May 6, by H.M. the King of Italy

* * *

As to Russia's share, one may be permitted to speak plainly. It does not look as if she were playing the game. Why is it that public and private sentiment in this country is unanimous in favour of Japan? It is not because she is our ally, for the average Englishman does not enter deeply into political considerations—I should say very few, even well-informed persons, could give an intelligent account of the actual reasons why Russia and Japan went to war. Nor can it be, as has been alleged, because we are afraid of Russia. The war has proved the Colossus to have feet of clay, and even if we had had a salutary feeling of respect for Russia, we see now that there is nothing to fear from her for some time. No; the reason is a very simple one. Japan has played the game. She has hit hard, and hit straight. She has relied on herself, and taken her chances on her own merits. But Russia has not played the game. She never does. Her diplomacy is crooked, and her policy is one of cynical disregard for others. There is certainly ground for believing that she would like nothing

An Unauthenticated Rumour

We have it, on the very worst possible authority, that Mr. Havard Thomas intends to dress his now familiar black wax-model of Lycidas in flannels and cricket boots, and call it "Ranjitsinhji missing a catch at point"



A Word to the Wise

Lord HAWKE (to RHODES): "Wilfrid, this is not the first time I've had to speak to you about your disgraceful practice of making runs. If it continues, I shall be unable to recommend you for a place in the English team!"

better than to drag France and England into the *melée*.

* * *

Fortunately, both countries know better than to give any encouragement to such designs, from which the only gainers would be Germany and America. France is owed quite enough by Russia without being dragged into war, and we are quite content to permit Japan to give Russia, single-handed, the licking she deserves without having to assist her. Japan might note this as well, for though provoked by what seemed to her a breach of neutrality, she talked very largely about retaliating on France, and calling on us to aid her. She might remember that our alliance with her was framed to prevent the other great Powers from uniting against her, but it was not framed to enable her to breathe threats and slaughter against the world at large. I do not believe, frankly, that it is probable, alliances or no alliances, that public opinion in England and France would allow these two nations to fight out other people's quarrels, although the *Times* thundered forth the other day that, if it came to it, we should fight.

* * *

Of course, it is very annoying to Japan to have the enemy's fleet safely quartered near a friendly shore—but why, if, as France declares, the Russian fleet is anchored outside territorial waters, does Japan not attack him? There is no rule in warfare to prevent your enemy anchoring outside territorial waters for as long as he wishes, and Japan can, without infringing international law, dislodge him if she wishes. But if, for tactical reasons, she does not wish, it gives her

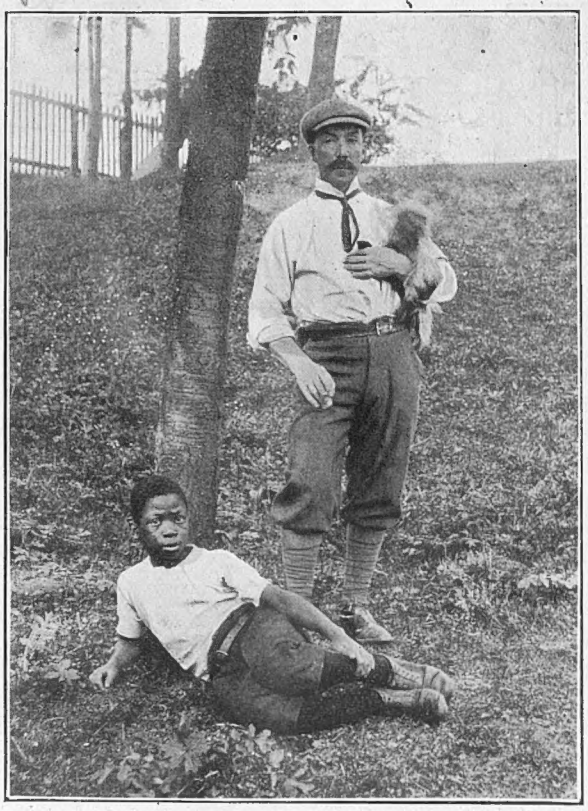
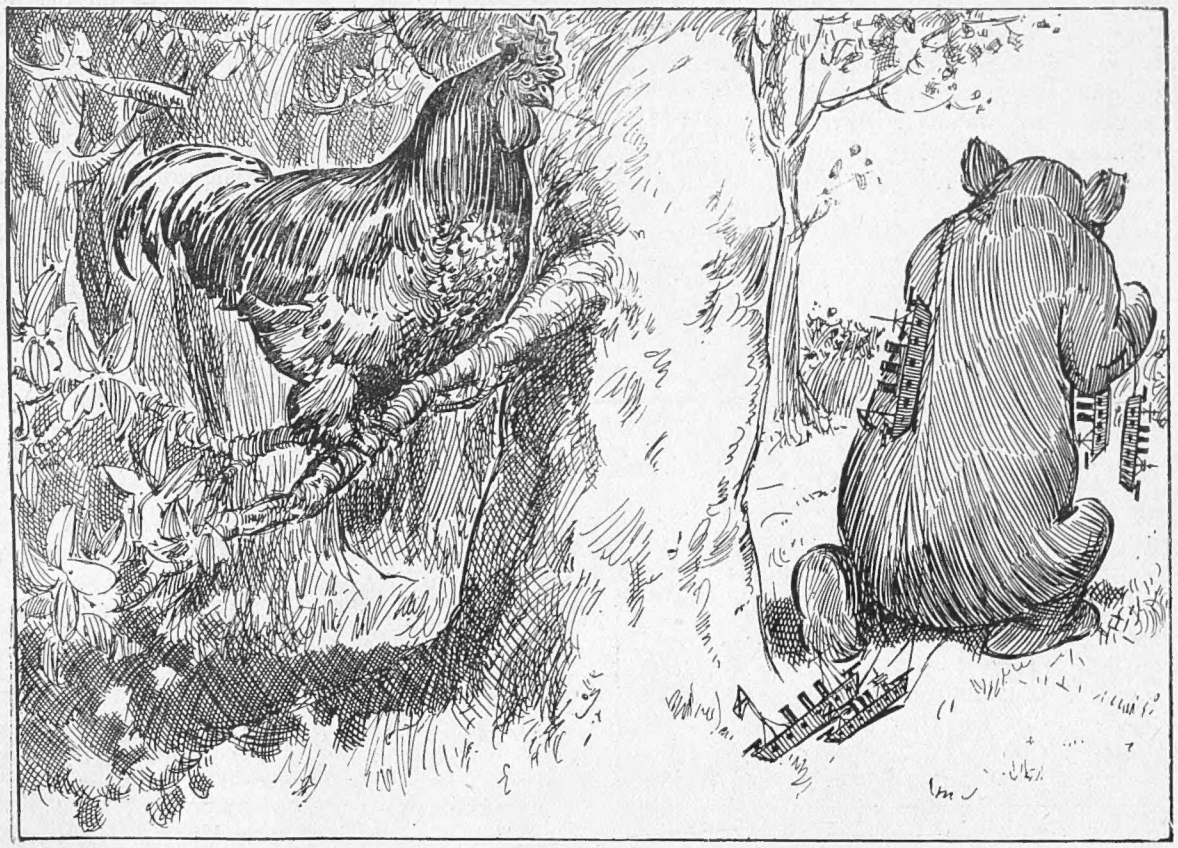


Photo by *Advance Agency*

Mr. Ernest de Pass and the negro boy, Jack Simla

No little excitement was caused among the guardians of High Wycombe recently by the statement that Mr. Ernest de Pass, a resident, kept a slave, a little negro, Jack Simla, whom, it was said, he purchased from his parents. This statement was quite devoid of foundation. When trading at Tarkwa, on the coast of West Africa, Mr. de Pass came across Jack, and with the consent of the British Resident, agreed to become temporary custodian of the child, in return for a monthly wage of 7*s*.



THE COCHIN CHINA: "Ah! you go to move off? Name of a pipe! I'm glad of it. I should be desolated to quarrel with the Japanese dragon"

no grievance against a third party. Japan is undoubtedly nervous, and this accounts for her irritability. On paper, the Baltic fleet, aided by Nobogatoff, looks formidable, but Rohjdestvensky's skulking attitude does not suggest that he wholly relishes the prospect of a battle. Knowing what we do about the composition of his armada, and remembering the kind of men he has to fight, led by Togo, I am not inclined to blame him. Japan can await the result with confidence, and the only hope is that, after the naval fight has occurred, both combatants, who have proved an expensive nuisance to neutral shipping, will kiss and make it up.

satisfaction by which London could be in the hands of the enemy in a few hours. We won't attempt to argue the matter, but perhaps a very simple means of letting anyone see for himself the difficulties which await a foreign invader is illustrated in the gigantic map of the world, showing the disposition of the British Fleets, which the *Daily Graphic* exhibits at the Earl's Court Exhibition. The movements of the Fleets in commission are faithfully recorded, and one can see at a glance the vast naval resources round our coasts. There is only one other point to be considered. Are the forts at the mouth of the Thames, and at other possible landing-places,

MILLENNIUM MEMS.—No. 4

"Hard lines! Ah! well, sir, Taylor hisself couldn't ha' got in. What with the wind and sun agin you, and me p'raps standin' in your way, and—and the flies, sir, bein' something chronic"

Mr. Balfour's statement in the House of Commons, that an invasion of England is impossible, is reassuring. The question also, as to whether Russia could invade India, which Mr. Balfour says is also impossible, so long as Russia's strategic railway is not laid through Afghanistan, is equally reassuring. Our readers will recollect that THE BYSTANDER published one or two very interesting articles on this latter subject last year, when the same conclusion was arrived at. Afghanistan, fortunately for us, is quietly determined that her big neighbour shall not build a railway through her territories until she has put the last man in the field, and Russia is quite well aware that before she could ever attempt this she would have to fight.

* * *

As to an invasion of England, foreign strategists have frequently propounded theories to their own

as efficiently gunned and manned as they ought to be? Nor should Lord Ellenborough's address at the Royal United Service Institution be overlooked. The pilotage of our rivers is a very important consideration to a possible enemy, and no foreigners ought to be allowed to obtain certificates from the Board of Trade.

* * *

There has been a great deal of correspondence about Mr. Havard Thomas's statue of Lycidas. Its rejection from the Royal Academy has made its fortune, and its author is asking large sums for copies of it—£1,500 in marble, and £1,000 in bronze, it is said. The question has arisen as to why Lycidas is holding out his hands in a stiff and peculiar pose. Our artist has, he thinks, hit off the solution of it, and his reason is certainly plausible. Many of the art critics have suggested worse ones.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Princess Nicola of Greece

The Grand Duchess Helena, only daughter of the redoubtable Grand Duke Vladimir, now, by her own spontaneous decision, Princess Nicola of Greece, was endowed at her birth with no small share of the family imperiousness. As she grew up she displayed many remarkable qualities. She ruled her elder brothers judiciously; kept her parents in their proper places; and bestowed much care on the education of the courtiers who thronged her father's palace. Indeed, her efforts in this direction were so successful that if any troubles arose, it was not because the Grand Duchess could not get everything she wanted, but because she was not always quite sure of what she did want. The solving of this enigma was the favourite occupation of many, not excepting the stern Grand Duke himself, who became as wax in his daughter's hands. At fourteen she assisted him when he held reviews, and galloped from one end of the field to the other as his aide-de-camp, making old Generals look lively. At eighteen, her beauty, high spirits, rank, and wealth, drew a crowd of suitors—and several distinguished European alliances were on the tapis—but she put them aside with fine scorn, qualifying with little reservation the nationality and personal characteristics of the hopeful admirers who passed before her eyes. For a time, Prince Max of Baden seemed to have found favour; but it proved ephemeral, for, after a short period of probation as an engaged lover, he was peremptorily dismissed. The Grand Duchess Helena, next caused consternation by the announcement that she intended to remain fancy-free. This was, however, unprecedented and inadmissible in a Russian Grand Duchess. After an interval devoted to persuasive measures, united family pressure was brought to bear, and the Grand Duchess submitted.

Once more began the rush of German Serenissimos and Balkan Royalties, to be once more tried and found wanting.

"But you *must* make up your mind!" cried the parents, distractedly.

"Very well. I shall take my cousin Nicola!" was the unexpected answer.

All comes to those who wait. And so, the childhood's playmate, who had been a humble worshipper for five long years, got his reward at last.

Prince and Princess Nicola of Greece

The Princess, who was formerly Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, made a romantic marriage with her cousin, Prince Nicola of Greece

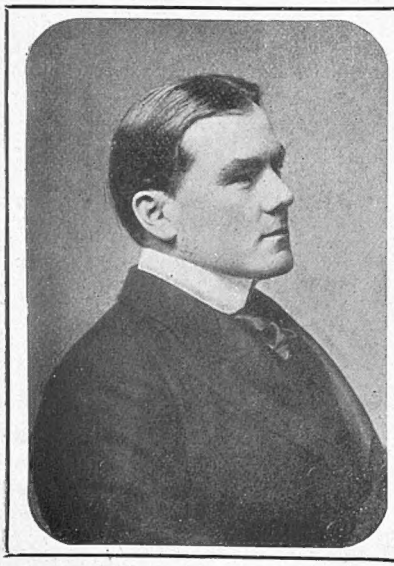


Photo by Elliott and Fry

Mr. Richard Harding Davis

The well-known American war correspondent and novelist, whose amusing play, *The Dictator*, is now running at the Comedy Theatre

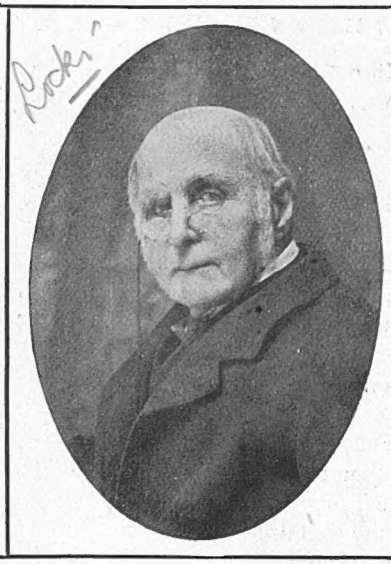


Photo by Reinhold Thiele

Dr. Francis Galton

The great traveller and scientist, and expert on "finger-print" identification

Admiral Prince Arisugawa

Who will represent the Emperor of Japan at the wedding of the German Crown Prince and Duchess Cecilie

The Man who made "Jaggers" Famous

Mr. Richard Harding Davis

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, whose amusing play, *The Dictator*, has just been produced at the Comedy Theatre, is a very typical product of this "strenuous" age—an American of the Americans; a literary "hustler." He is just turned forty, but has contrived to keep his personality in the forefront for more than ten years of that time. Journalism—American journalism—showed him the way. He is all that he is because he began as a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press*. "I remember (he tells us) writing the story of a big fire in Philadelphia, using a steam radiator as a table, while the room was filled with dead and dying victims of the disaster." He has written many books, which are bright, clever, individual, if not just so tremendous as his admirers (and, perhaps, himself) would have us believe. "Soldiers of Fortune" is, perhaps, his best novel; "The Bar Sinister" is a good dog story, but not, despite the disinterested statement of its publishers, the greatest dog story ever written since men learned how to handle a pen. Then again, Mr. Davis is one of the three or four thousand young men who are now entitled to call themselves "war correspondents." He was in Cuba, he was in the Greek war, he was in South Africa, and he wrote books about all these wars, much as though the wars had been produced just for him to write about them. The Yankees like that style; but in sleepy old England we are not quite up to it yet. We all knew of Mr. Davis, however, when on a visit to London he sent "Jaggers" across the Atlantic with a letter to his love! He comes of a literary family, his father having been editor of the *Public Ledger*, the famous Philadelphian daily, and his mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, a well-known novelist, whose latest book was "Bits of Gossip." He is, like the late Guy Boothby, a great dog-fancier, and has some fine specimens of the canine race at his home at Marion, Massachusetts.

Photo by *Bassano*

Miss Katherine Trefusis

Whose engagement to the Hon. A. Crichton, son of Lord Erne, has just been announced

Photo by *Langfier*

Mrs. Joseph Laycock

Who was terribly injured in the motor accident at Chateaufort

Dr. Francis Galton

As the inventor of an almost infallible system for the identification of criminals, Dr. Francis Galton deserves the thanks of all civilised communities. Strange to say, Dr. Galton also merits the thanks of many uncivilised communities, if only for the fact that he discovered them to the world during his explorations in Damaraland and South Ovampoland, some fifty odd years ago. But this, and the fact that Dr. Galton is, perhaps, the foremost man of the day in all questions connected with such sciences as anthropology, geology, meteorology, botany and physics, to say nothing of many others, are cast into the shade by the prominence his system of finger-prints has taken up in the Deptford murder case. It was Dr. Galton who estimated that the chance of two sets of finger-prints being identical is less than one in 64,000,000. Dr. Galton is quite as good an authority on the "Art of Travel" as

Advocates of the "Simple Life"

on finger-prints, as readers of his little book, published under that title as long ago as 1855, will remember. He is also a liver of the "Simple Life," the main factors of which, according to his own statement, consist of "sunshine, quiet, and good, wholesome food." These have stood him in good stead for eighty-three years of life, most of which has been spent in travel and scientific study.

Japanese Royalty to Visit London

The members of the Japanese Royal Family, Prince and Princess Arisugawa, who are to visit London at the end of June, will do so after they have paid their visit to Germany, where they go as the official representatives of the Mikado to the wedding of the German Crown Prince and Duchess Cecilie, which is fixed for the beginning of June. The German Emperor seems to have taken a new whim of late, and is now, so to speak, exploiting the Japanese, in the flowery stump-oratory for which he is famous. King Edward, on the other hand, simply welcomes them, and in order that their visit to London may be made with the necessary regard to privacy, has offered them the use of York House, St. James's.

Mrs. Laycock

The many friends of Major Laycock, D.S.O., and Mrs. Laycock have been greatly shocked by the terrible motor accident last week at Chateaufort. Both Major and Mrs. Laycock are expert motorists, and are very well known in Paris, being constantly seen in their 60 h.-p. Mercedes. However, it seems that last Sunday, when the roads were in a very slippery condition, the car skidded at a sharp turn, and was completely overturned. Major Laycock had a wonderful escape, as he was not even hurt, but his wife was terribly injured, one of her feet being completely severed from her leg. Dr. Doyen was wired for, and the unfortunate lady's leg was amputated from below the knee. She is now in Dr. Doyen's hospital, and is making satisfactory progress, though her state of health just now is very delicate. Mrs. Laycock is a niece of the Earl of Listowel, and is noted for her beauty.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Baron de Meyer in fancy dress

A keen opera-goer, and one of the ablest photographers in Society. One of his most successful portraits is one of King Edward

Miss Katherine Trefusis

Miss Katherine Trefusis, who is about to be married to Mr. Arthur Crichton, the third son of Lord and Lady Erne, is one of the prettiest and most popular girls in Society. She belongs to a family of five sisters (the youngest, Miss Margaret Trefusis, being only presented at Court last year), who are joint-heiresses of the large fortune left by their father's aunt, the late Lady Rolle. They are clever equestrians, and often ride together in the Row. Lady Mary Trefusis is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, and often spends the summer at

Photo by] **Lady Blount** *[O'Neill*

A noted vegetarian and believer in the "Simple Life." Lady Blount is a keen scientist, one of her tenets being that the earth is flat

Photo by] **Lady Florence Dixie** *[Reid*

A distinguished member of the Vegetarian Asscciation, who made an important contribution on the "Simple Lite" controversy, now occupying the attention of the *Daily Graphic*

The All Ireland Temperance Bazaar

Photo by Lafayette

Lady Rossmore

President Co. Moneghan stall, at the All Ireland Temperance Bazaar, which opened at Ballsbridge, Dublin, yesterday

The Duchess of Westminster at Chester Races

This snapshot of the Duchess was taken in the paddock, where she was watching the parade of horses

Photo by Lafayette

Lady Castlemaine

President Co. Westmeath stall, at the All Ireland Temperance Bazaar, which opened at Ballsbridge, Dublin, yesterday

Boughton, his historic Northamptonshire place, noted for its splendid old tapestries. It seems as if the old belief that "one wedding makes many" were true after all, as not only is another of Lady Mary's daughters just engaged to the eldest son of Lord and Lady Coke, but a marriage will shortly take place between Lady Mabel Crichton, the sister of Miss Katherine Trefusis' fiancé, and Lord Hugh Grosvenor.

A Great Bazaar

Yesterday there was inaugurated, under the auspices of the All Ireland Temperance League, a grand bazaar, at Ballsbridge, Dublin, which will be supported by the greatest names in Irish Society. In addition to those whose names appear on this page, the list of patronesses and lady stallholders includes Lady Arnott, Countess of Mayo, Duchess of Abercorn (Co. Tyrone stall), Lady Maurice Fitzgerald (Co Wexford stall), Lady Maxwell, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew (Co. Tipperary stall), Lady Talbot de Malahide, Lady Constance Butler, Countess of Lucan (Co. Mayo stall), and the Earl and Countess of Pembroke. The bazaar will be open until the 20th inst.

Baron de Meyer

Baron de Meyer ranks with Lord de Ros, Lord Annesley, and Lord Maitland, as being among the ablest of Society photographers. He has a studio at his house in Cadogan Gardens, and among his most successful efforts was a portrait of King Edward, which greatly pleased His Majesty, who showed his appreciation by presenting it to many of his friends. Both the Baron and his charming wife are musical devotees: they always take a box at Covent Garden, and give some exceptionally fine concerts in their own home. The Baroness is an Italian, a Princess of the House of Caracciolo, though she bears the typically Russian name of Olga. She is a rigid vegetarian, both from motives of humitarianism and health, and, always perfectly dressed, is numbered among the smart women who affect long pendant earrings.

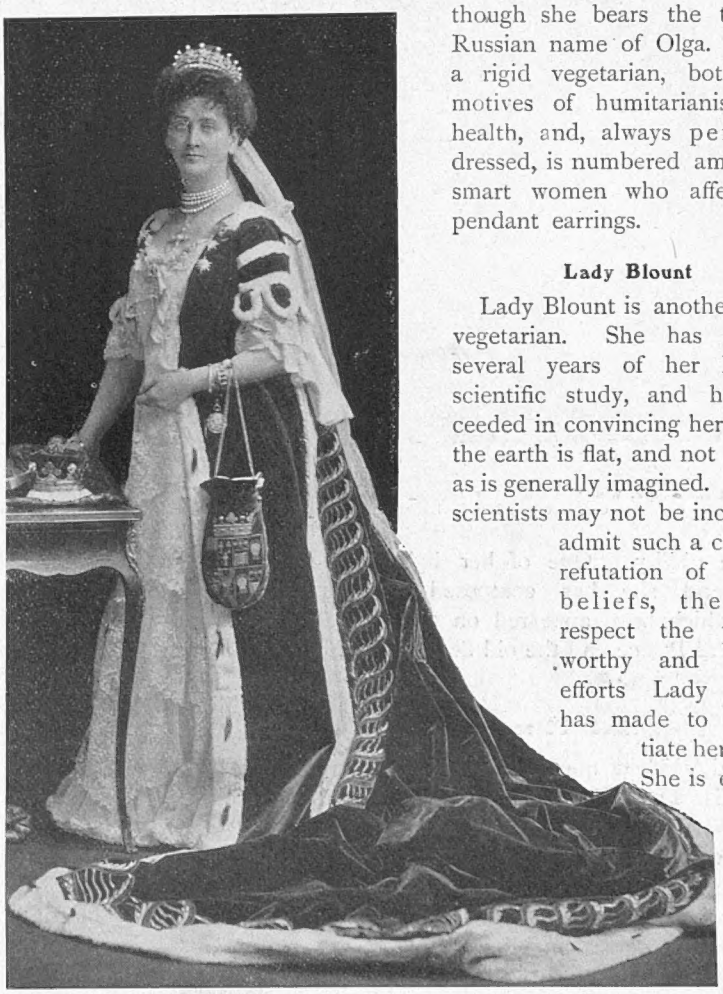


Photo by Lafayette

The Marchioness of Ormonde

President of Co. Kilkenny stall, at the All Ireland Temperance Bazaar, which opened at Ballsbridge, Dublin, yesterday

Lady Blount

Lady Blount is another noted vegetarian. She has devoted several years of her life to scientific study, and has succeeded in convincing herself that the earth is flat, and not a globe, as is generally imagined. Though scientists may not be inclined to admit such a complete refutation of existing beliefs, they must respect the praiseworthy and untiring efforts Lady Blount has made to substantiate her theory. She is editor of the *Earth*, a magazine which deals largely with this subject, and she has also lectured with

The Reappearance of Yvette Guilbert

Madame Yvette Guilbert

The great *chanteuse*, who will make her reappearance in London in June at the Haymarket Theatre in songs of the Pompadour period. Mme. Guilbert was last in London just a year ago, when she rendered her famous songs at Bechstein Hall

no little ability. One of her lighter interests is music, and she has composed some charming pieces, which have appeared on the programmes at the Crystal Palace and the old St. James's Hall.

Lady Florence Dixie

A distinguished member of the Vegetarian Association is Lady Florence Dixie, aunt of Lord Queensberry, and wife of Sir Alexander Dixie, of Market Bosworth, Leicestershire. Few women have had a life more romantic and more picturesque than this versatile lady. In 1881, she went out during the Boer War as correspondent to the *Morning Post*, where she shared in the privations and hardships incidental to a campaign in the veldt. Though a daring rider, and at one time a keen sportswoman, Lady Florence has given up everything which involves pain and suffering upon the "dumb creation." She has contributed articles to the *Humanitarian Review*, describing the horrors of sport with the authority of absolute knowledge, and her pen has been constantly employed in the service of the oppressed, whether the victim be woman, child, or animal. Her latest contribution to the press was a spirited letter to the *Daily Graphic* on the topic of the hour—the "Simple Life." In this letter Lady Florence Dixie pointed to nature as the dictator of the proper methods of living, and vindicated her principles by the statement that nature never intended man to eat cooked food or meat. The great tragedy of her life was the death of her brother, the Hon. Francis Douglas, who was killed by falling over a precipice in descending Mount Cervin in 1865. His body was never recovered, and its ultimate fate is still one of the unrevealed mysteries of the Alps.

Lord Hamilton's New Country Seat

Coates Castle, the new country seat of the Marquis of Hamilton, as seen from the garden

This residence, which belonged to the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who died quite recently, has now passed into the hands of the Marquis of Hamilton. Situated in one of the most delightful parts of an altogether delightful county—Sussex—Coates Castle is quite close to Goodwood

Photos by] **The Duchess room at Coates Castle** [*Kevis*

Owing to his official position at Court, Lord Hamilton has often to be in town doing duty at Levées and Drawing Rooms, and thus the position of Coates Castle will be at once pleasurable and convenient, giving its owner the advantage of enjoying some of the prettiest scenery in England, sport at Goodwood, while being within easy reach of town

Random Jottings

An Inconceivable Crisis

Lord Lansdowne, responsible for our foreign diplomacy, must have had an anxious week, if posters impress him. The Franco-Japanese crisis has been anything from "grave" upwards—up to "awful," at any rate. If such a thing as a farthing paper could be conceived, it would have been a "horrible crisis."

Thoughts on the Disabilities of Statesmen

Probably, however, posters do not impress Lord Lansdowne greatly. That is the worst of being in a position to know things more exactly even than a reporter. All Cabinet Ministers suffer more or less by reason of their superior knowledge. They cannot expect to derive the same information from their daily paper as does the general public. They pay their halfpenny, or their penny, or even their threepence, but they do not get the change for it that we get. It is no news, for example, to Mr. Arnold-Forster that something has gone wrong with the rifling of the guns. Mr. Balfour knows beforehand that Mr. Chamberlain's machinations — say — are assuming alarming proportions. The information that the Chinese labourers have had another little outbreak may pain, but can hardly be said to surprise, Mr. Lyttelton when he reads it. We ought to think sometimes of the pleasures our Statesmen have to resign when they enter the service of their country.

What Aliens Say

The irony of life is very apparent to our aliens at present. As they are very justly saying, it is only by trying to keep them out that the Government has managed to keep itself in. And yet there is no doubt—in the mind of the aliens—which of the two do more harm to the country.

More Rash Motoring

Among the crop of "Motor-car Accidents" which a contemporary collected after the verdict in the Markyate case, we notice one which consisted of an automobile being stolen. No doubt the proprietor could have prevented this theft if he had taken the proper pains, but we trust that, in any case, he will be let off with a small penalty.

Quite Unofficial

It appears that the Kaiser's description of the Japanese as "God's scourge" is not really to be accepted as spoken. He said it, but he did not say it officially, and it ought not to have been reported. He only said it to the naval recruits at Wilhelmshaven, who don't count. You can say

Photo by *Pigg*

The skeleton cast of the Diplodocus Carnegii, just presented by Mr. Carnegie to the King

The Diplodocus was, to use an expressive Americanism, the "biggest thing ever," being 84 ft. long and 13 ft. high. It lived in the childhood of the world, in the days of the "Simple Life" so many people are so anxious to return to. The King was shown a drawing of the skeleton, when at Skibo Castle three years ago, and desired to see a specimen in England. Mr. Carnegie, with his usual generosity, gave orders that a reproduction should be made of the great specimen at Pittsburg for transportation to England. This was done forthwith, and very soon the public will see the astonishing result in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington

GROOM: "Let 'im 'ave 'is 'ead, sir! Let 'im 'ave 'is 'ead!"
LITTLE BINKS: "B—b—but *I* want it!"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR LEE

anything to naval recruits at Wilhelmshaven. They know that it doesn't matter, and that you don't properly mean anything. It's just your way. They are the simplest of men—the naval recruits at Wilhelmshaven, but they know that.

"In the Twilight"

(With acknowledgments to the EVENING NEWS*)*

The Simpler Life

"It is a perfect May-night, as I sit here in the garden. Not yet are the sunflowers in bloom, but they will be in a month or two, provided that the gay. sinuous, impertinent Greater Tom-tit has not eaten the penny packet of seeds that were planted so lovingly. What a warble the bats are making, as they hie hither and thither (and whither?) like glow-worms without the glow! Clearly, nature loves this hour as much—or more—than man. The slugs are out and about; the rats likewise. Only a moment ago, one of these rodents, deeming me inanimate, came up and bit me on the hand. I trust blood poisoning will not supervene. It is good to be alive on such an evening as this."

The Brazilian Plot

The plot which is said to have been concerted against the Brazilian Republic by Senor Sarrion de Herrera—a gentleman with leanings towards monarchy—though nipped, to some extent, by his arrest—is still likely to give a good deal of trouble. Two cartloads of compromising documents, we are told, have been taken from the conspirator's house to the law courts. Rather than read through these, it is believed that the magistrates will themselves conspire against the Republic.

Life's Ironies

But what folly for a conspirator to keep two cartloads of incriminating papers in his house. It is only in real life that such a thing could

happen. In a novel, he would have kept a letter or two in cipher at most. These he could have burnt, or swallowed, when the enemy arrived; or left torn in such a way that only the deftest piecing on the part of the Republican hero (of the novel) could make them intelligible. Real life is very disappointing, even when it offers us conspirators. But, perhaps, Senor de Herrera is not a conspirator, and the documents are only bills.

Plots and Names

If that trite observation—about real life being disappointing—required confirmation, we need only point to last week's other conspiracy, as a result of which Captain Tamburini (of France) is charged—in Paris—with a plot for the seizure of the Elysée and the various Ministries. The Captain may or may not be guilty—we hold no brief for him. We merely repeat his name is Tamburini. Boulanger was formidable perhaps, but Tamburini? It is impossible.

Photo by *Ellis*

Manchester's New Sanatorium, on the border of Delamere Forest

The Crossley sanatorium, in connection with the Manchester Consumption Hospital, is now completed, and, it is expected, will be formally opened during next month by the King. This palatial building, for the treatment of early cases of consumption, has been erected on the northern edge of Delamere Forest, amid pine woods, on a plateau 480 feet above sea level. Its façade is 300 feet long, and it faces south, and from the windows of the patients' rooms there is a magnificent prospect over Delamere Forest and the Great Plain of Cheshire. The equipment of the institution is of the most modern type, and it has accommodation for about ninety patients. It is said that the original estimated cost of £70,000 has been exceeded

News in Brief

Our correspondents (by telephone and telegraph) send us the following jottings of news—selected from a comparatively uneventful week:—

Doubtless acting under the impression that the contents were black-currant jelly, Stanley Dibbs, of Dernley, aged three and a half, recently ate three tins of blacking. A subscription is being raised for the parents, who are poor, as they would otherwise have to attend the funeral in unpolished boots.

A Denton man, named Coppersley, noticed that a pickpocket, who had been arrested by two policemen, was his long-lost father. Coppersley at once closed with the constables, but in the struggle that ensued found his purse and watch were gone. So was his father. The police, however, have a clue.

A hen, which recently laid an egg weighing four and a half ounces, has just laid another weighing seven ounces. Mr. Timkinson, the well-known Sussex reporter, owns the fowl.

To Surrey Captains

We are asked to give publicity to the following

NOTICE.

It has been suggested that a Society should be formed for recent Surrey captains. Gentlemen, therefore, who, during the present or past cricket seasons, have occupied the position of captain of the First Eleven of the Surrey C.C.C. are invited to send in their names. It is hoped that there will be a large response.

The objects of the Society are various. In the first place, it is hoped to foster intercourse between Surrey captains, in whose surging masses there should surely be for each individual captain some kindred soul. The second object of the club will be to preserve as full a record as possible of captains who are acting this, or who acted last, year. Further, it is hoped during the season to arrange a series of matches between teams made up of captains. A suitable trophy will be offered the various elevens playing off the ties, as in the manner of a cup contest.

Cliquism will be strictly prohibited, but every encouragement will be given to the formation of pleasant friendships between the captains.

The first meeting of the Society will take place on May 23, 1905. The Albert Hall has been taken for the purpose, and as there will be serious demands on the accommodation, it is requested that only Surrey captains will attend.

N.B.—As it is, of course, impossible to communicate with all the captains by letter, it is hoped that captains who see this notice will call the attention of any other captains whom they may know to the invitation herein conveyed.

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Louise Allen as Senora Juanita

With the ever-ready stiletto, in *The Dictator*

Comedy Theatre

"THE DICTATOR"

If you would see farce played in the proper spirit, go and see *The Dictator*. The word "farce," like many another class name for theatrical entertainments, has been vulgarised out of meaning. Nowadays it suggests buffoonery of the most depressing sort. Perhaps, on this account, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has termed his piece comedy. Comedy it is not, but farce it is of the best—a merry piece of fooling with an amusing central idea, worked out in a mock serious manner, which sets the piece in the proper key.

But the play at the Comedy Theatre, diverting as it is, is not so much the thing as are the players. Not for one moment does anyone in the cast give the slightest suggestion that he is trying to be funny. This general lack of self-consciousness gives a wonderful tone to the performance. It is rattled through in a kind of breathless undertone, rather bewildering at first, but very acceptable when one becomes used to it. So quick are the actors on the cues, that the laughs of the audience break into the dialogue.

At intervals the hilariousness of the audience gains the upper hand, whereupon the actors pause for a while in a quaint manner, as if to say, "O well, if you will laugh you must, but really there is nothing to laugh about."

Mr William Collier and Mr. John Barrymore are the principal merrymakers, and they are both so good that one cannot award the palm to either. The humour of each is so dry that it crackles like the wireless apparatus at work in the Consulate at Porto Baños. They are well supported by Mr. George Nash as the American Consul, Mr. Brigham Royce as a fire-eating President, and Mr. Edward Abeles as a valet—the last an almost wordless, but consistently funny, performance.

Of the feminine performers only Miss Louise Allen is given a chance. She makes the very best of it, giving a character-study of a Spanish girl, the points of which are so good that it is difficult to know which to admire most—the wicked play of her stiletto when enraged, her slow smile when scornful, her indolent, graceful slouch, or the delightful beat of her broken English, with its wrongly accented syllables.

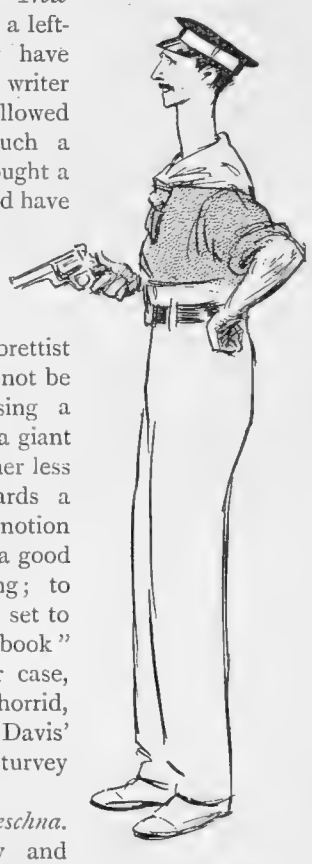
New Theatre

"LEAH KLESCHNA"

From a store-house of expressions, maxims, precepts aphorisms, half truths, and whole truths—the flotsam and jetsam of a theatrical memory—I select one worn and sententious utterance. It runs somewhat in this manner: "If a man will only write a powerful play on melodramatic lines, but free from the absurdities of melodrama, managers will jump at it."

In the rose-coloured land of theatrical imagination, managers are for ever on the jump. They do not merely accept a play. With a wild leap at the fortunate author, they tear the play out of his hands. The success of *Leah Kleschna* might be brought forward as one illustration, at least, of the truth which lies in the utterance I have quoted. It is, undeniably, a powerful play. It grips the attention of the audience. Also, it is engineered without the long arm of coincidence, and is free from a suspicion of comic relief, wild improbabilities, and other attributes, which drag down a play to the lowly level of melodrama.

The success of the piece has caused other developments of interest. Chief among these is a curious attempt on the part of certain critics to readjust the standing of the playwright. Discussing a former success of Mr. McLellan's, *The Belle of New York*, they have dealt him a left-handed compliment. They have expressed surprise that the writer of the libretto could have followed up his work by writing such a strong play. If they had thought a little more deeply, they would have recognised the beautiful naturalness of this sequence. There is nothing untoward in a successful librettist writing a play. He must not be regarded as a pigmy using a giant's tools. Rather is he a giant diverting himself in a manner less complex. It helps towards a proper appreciation of the notion that a man who can write a good libretto can write anything; to imagine Mr. "Owen Hall" set to write a play against a "book" by Mr. Pinero. In either case, the result might be horrid, but one favours Mr. Davis' chance in this topsy-turvey competition.



Mr. John Barrymore as Hyne

The imperturbable wireless telegraph operator, in *The Dictator*

To return to *Leah Kleschna*. I propose to skip the play and come to the players. Mr. Charles Warner is easily the leader of the company. He is given a part which, with his nervous, expressive

hands, he moulds into a creation second to none in his vast repertory, not even to Coupeau in *Drink*. Coupeau, in his workman's blouse, was a picturesque, forcible figure, but he was as full of stage tricks as a stage monkey might be supposed to be. He drank a row of cognacs for a wager—one could never forget this feat and remember Coupeau—and he was taken with an attack of "d.t.'s," so expressive as to leave no nerve in the observer unracked.

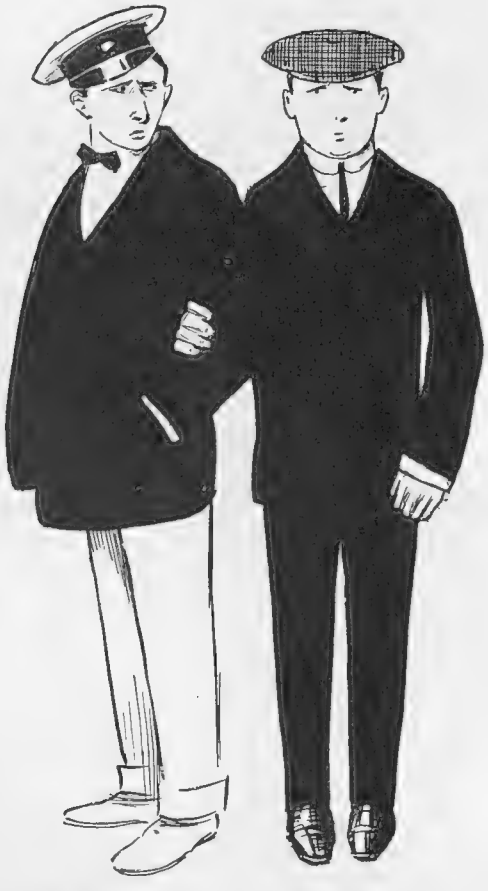
Kleschna, the master thief, is quite a superior order of being. He is a rogue of the most cunning species; smug and oleaginous to his superiors, whose brains he is desirous of tapping, a coarse bully to the confederates of his household—the furtive Schram, rendered half decent by his love for Leah, and Leah, a lily of purity, floating upon the scum of her surroundings.

A Powerful Character Study

Mr. Warner presented every facet of this remarkable character to the light. By turns he bullied, he wheedled, he scorned, he cajoled; now he was weaving a plot to entangle others, again wriggling out of one in which others had enmeshed him. He read every line of meaning into the rôle which the author could possibly have conceived. At times, indeed, he seemed to insinuate more than the author intended. There was a strong suggestion of paternal love for Leah, which is difficult to reconcile with the character of Kleschna as it is written. From his actions, he would seem to be quite callous towards his daughter, regarding her merely in the light of an intelligent pupil, as one who has brought natural intelligence to bear upon her training as a thief. Yet, in the great duel between father and daughter, which constitutes the power of the fourth act, Mr. Warner suggests an undercurrent of fatherly affection, for which Kleschna's previous attitude towards her gives no warrant. Such affection, if it existed, would be directed towards the preservation of his daughter's honour, and the very play, in the earlier scenes, turns upon the continual sacrifice of that honour to the prosecution of his schemes. It is as though Mr. Warner sought to lift the rôle of Kleschna to a higher plane.

Mr. Brigham Royce, as General Santos Campos

President of San Manana, in *The Dictator*



Mr. William Collier **Mr. Edward Abeles**

As Brooke Travers, and Simpson, his valet, in *The Dictator*, who have fled to Porto Baños under the impression that they killed a New York cabman. As a matter of fact, detectives are out looking for them, to clear up the mystery of their strange disappearance

Miss Ashwell's Opportunities

Leah is almost as powerful a rôle as Kleschna, and, as the girl thief, Miss Lena Ashwell is given splendid opportunities. The part is one which calls for a fund of reserved strength. Leah is engaged in a continual struggle against her surroundings. She is a pathetic figure, battling all the time against great odds. But rarely is she given an outburst to relieve the tension. It is a rôle which would be quite beyond anyone not gifted with Miss Ashwell's great power and charm. She makes of Leah a personality which haunts one.

Mr. Herbert Waring, who so often seems to please the public more than the critics, plays, on this occasion, in a manner which should merit the hearty commendation of both. The drunken reprobate, Raoul Berton, is a detestable character, but, as played by Mr. Waring, was of immense assistance to the fortunes of the piece.

Mr. Leonard Boyne, as Paul Sylvaine, has a difficult task. Paul is one of those characters noble to the verge of priggishness, and Mr. Boyne did not quite succeed in his difficult task in the safe-robbing scene, when he has to turn on Leah and lecture her upon the state of her soul.

Miss Lena Ashwell as Leah Kleschna
The girl thief, who is intercepted when trying to rob Paul Sylvaine's safe

Mr. William Devereux as Schram
Kleschna's confederate, who is in love with Leah

Avenue Theatre

It is a pity that Mr. Henri de Vries has not a better medium for the expression of his talents as an actor than *Jasper Bright.* The play is an adaptation from a German original, the bald sentimentalities of which have the same effect upon one as china fruit or woollen antimacassars. *Jasper Bright* tells the old, old story of the stern papa in trade (German sausages in this case), who turns his son out of doors because he prefers to follow higher pursuits. I quite expected Jasper Bright to tell his erring son not to "darken these doors again." Such a speech would have been quite in keeping with the play. E. C. S.

"Where Shall We Go To-night?"

"THE BYSTANDER" THEATRE GUIDE

DRURY LANE, at 8: *Becket.*—Sir Henry's farewell season. To miss this chance is to lay up a cause for regret in later years.

HER MAJESTY'S, 8.15: *Twelfth Night.*—Malvolio is one of Tree's best parts.

HAYMARKET, 9.20: *Everybody's Secret.*—"Sugar and spice and all that's nice." At 8.30: *The Creole.*—Cyril Maude as Young Napoleon.

ADELPHI, 8: *Hamlet.*—One of the legitimate successes of the season.

ST. JAMES'S, 8.30: *John Chilcote, M.P.*—Not much of a version, but George Alexander gives a clever study in contrasts.

CRITERION, 9: *What Pamela Wanted.*—Miss Ethel Irving's first and successful essay at management. Play tolerably amusing.

WYNDHAM'S, 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—A funny play, racy of the English soil.

COMEDY, 9: *The Dictator.*—A funny play, racy of the American soil. See above.

LYRIC, 8.30: *Her Own Way.*—Mr. Clyde Fitch at his cleverest, and Miss Maxine Elliott at her best.

NEW, 8.15: *Leah Kleschna.*—A powerful play from America. See above.

DUKE OF YORK'S: *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.*—Barrie most happy. 8.25: *Pantaloon.*—Barrie less happy.

GARRICK, 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—Past the 200th night post.

COURT.—To see the Shaw repertory is a great aid to conversation during the Shaw boom.

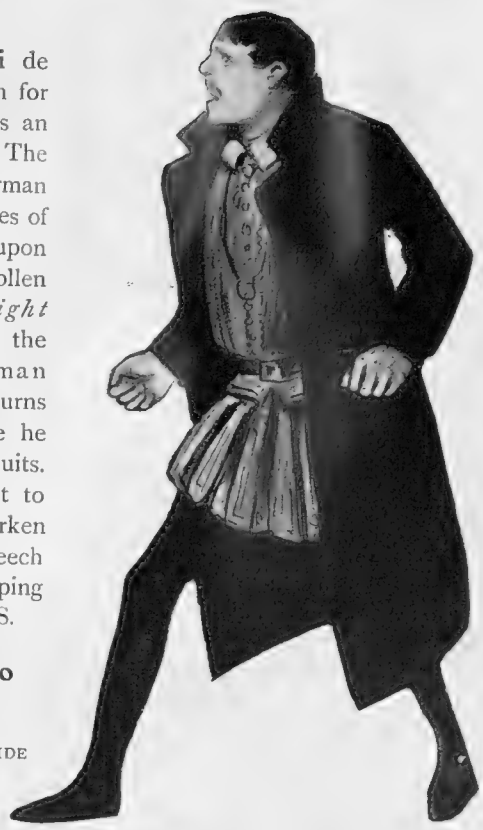
APOLLO, 8.15: *Veronique.*—A Messager success of some standing.

DALY'S, 8: *The Little Michus.*—Another Messager success. Music light, fanciful, scholarly.

IMPERIAL, 8: *Romeo and Juliet.*—A production well up to Imperial Theatre standards.

GREAT QUEEN STREET, 8.15: "The Mermaid" Repertory Theatre; well worthy of support.

Musical Comedy at VAUDEVILLE, GAIETY, and PRINCE OF WALES'. Take them in order.



Mr. Herbert Waring as Raoul Berton
The reprobate who steals Sylvaine's jewels after Leah has left

Mr. Charles Warner as Kleschna
The master thief, who trains his daughter in his own profession

CHARACTERS IN "LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE (SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW)

CONCERNING SIR HENRY IRVING

(NO. 76 OF THE SERIES)

The most distinguished and most entirely unprovincial personality connected with the stage was nearly thirty years old before he planted himself in London, and put out roots in the favour of the public. By birth he is a Somerset man, and though much of his boyhood was passed in the City of London, it was at Sunderland that he first faced a house that had paid for its seats. This was in his nineteenth year. Both he and his profession have changed much in the half-century that separates that timid first appearance, in a theatre that no corporation would now license and no manager would look at, from the *Becket* of to-day, played by an actor whose name is in Burke at a theatre such as no man then dreamed of. The social evolution of the actor that has taken place in that period owes something to a change in the public attitude toward his art: but it owes more to a change in the spirit of the actor, and with that refining influence no man has had so much to do as Henry Irving.

To be imitated by all the funny men of an Empire on which the sun has never been known to set is an honour that never fell to any man but Irving. To be recognised as inimitable by all the responsible playgoers of the English-speaking race is scarcely less convincing evidence of greatness. When, one asks oneself as one studies once more the singularities of his style, did he begin to do this? At what psychological moment did he realise that the public was ready for the Irving manner? For surely it cannot have been always so. During the nine provincial years that preceded his first London engagement it would not have been encouraged.

We may take it, however, that by the time he was thirty-three, and had played Digby Grant in *The Two Roses* three hundred consecutive times, he could do very much what he liked with play-going London. His *Hamlet*, in 1870, did what no other *Hamlet* ever did, or seems likely to do: it ran two hundred nights. It electrified the public, and gave him the lead of English tragedy. Since then he has played all the best people in Shakespeare, in all parts of the world that may be considered moderately civilised; with frequent intervals of our dear old friends *The Bells*, *The Lyons Mail*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and the rest of his more transpontine repertoire. He has put on Tennyson, Byron, Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir A. Conan Doyle. He has played to Distinguished Personages; he has delivered lectures at the Universities, including Harvard; he has laid the foundation-stone of a theatre at Bolton, and opened a public fountain at Stratford-on-Avon. He is the only actor-manager who ever had trouble with the Chinese Ambassador — that ornament of diplomacy once attempted to climb on to the stage to congratulate Miss Ellen Terry.

He is sixty-seven, a Knight, a Doctor of Letters at Cambridge and Dublin, a D.C.L. of Glasgow, a Life Trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace, a wit, a member of (among others) the Reform Club, and many things more. Many stories centre in him. One of the truest is about his driving to the Lyceum during the famous run of *The Merchant of Venice* and giving the cabman his exact fare—by accident, probably. "Look 'ere, mister," said the cabman, "if yer play the Jew inside 'ere as well as what yer do ahtside, blowed if I don't spend this 'ob on comin' to see yer." Another of some merit records what happened when the trap-door, which should have lowered Mephistopheles to his own place, stuck fast. The audience felt almost as awkward as the actor, until some one in the gallery tactfully relieved the situation with, "No use, guv'nor; 'Ell's full.

He is a great man. The stage owes much to him as an actor; and, by the way, as a father.

VALSE

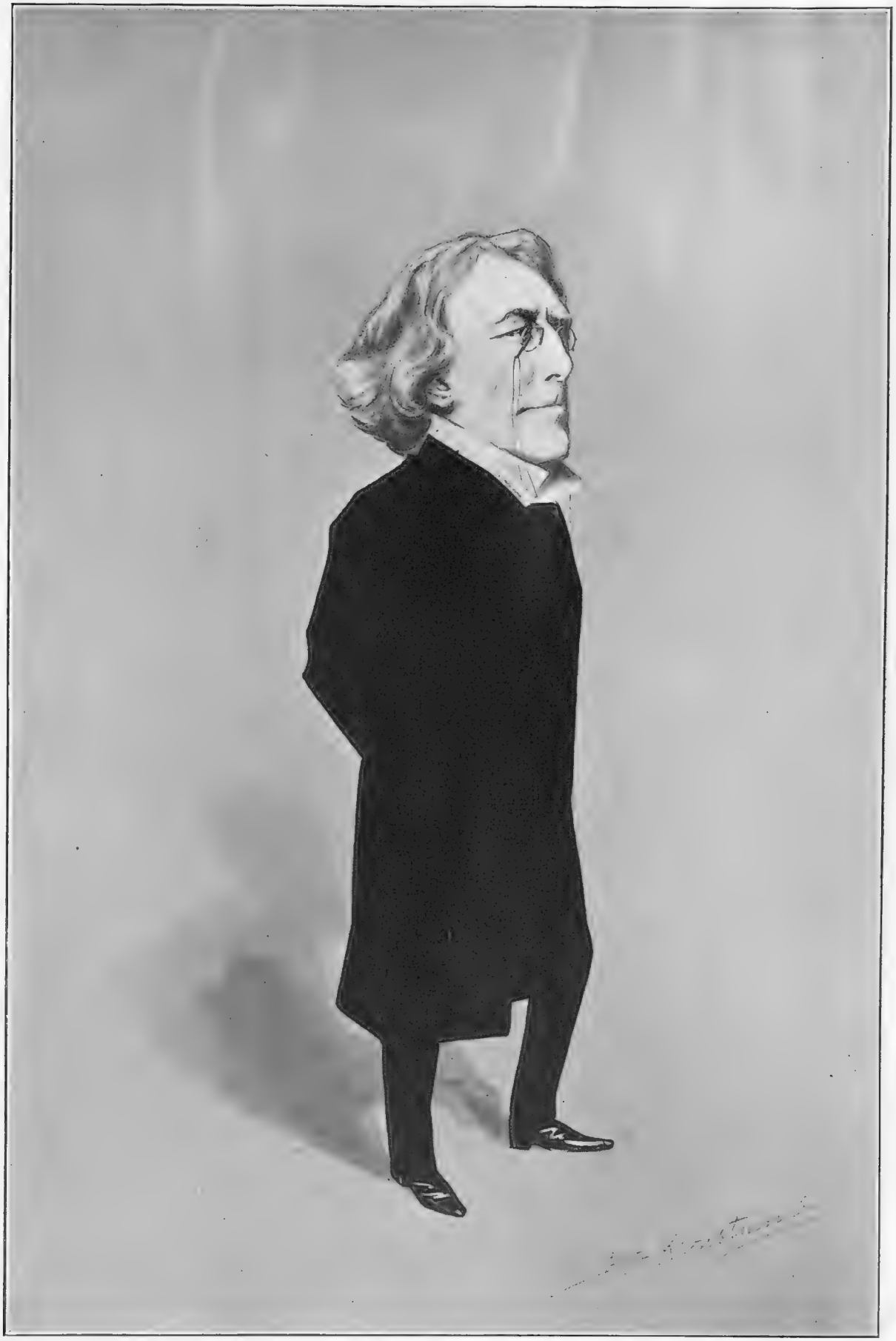
Sleepily, drowsily—now will you come to me?
Sway on my arm, my Fifi!
To and fro lazily—dreamily hum to me—
Rustle your frock, Coralie!
Airily rioting—hear my love's call to thee,
Strong as the seas, my Elise—
Warm as your heart, *cherie*—truly my all to thee—
Deep as your eyes, dear Denise.

Silky susurrus of petticoat ravishing—
Violins crooning above—
Drowsy exotics their essences lavishing—
Whispers of scandal and love.
Ripples electric from rosy shades glimmering—
Sheen of a glittering shoe—
Laces and roses and diamonds shimmering—
Flout in the drowsy *frou frou!*

Deftly the music is changing and quickening—
Faster and close, Colinette!
Dancers are thronging—the ballroom is thickening—
Slow to the rhythm, Babette!
Come with me—ribbons and frilling unravelling—
Out in the cool of the trees—
Wait for the zephyrs of night that are travelling
Sweet from the breast of the seas.

Open your eyes and I'll look in the deep of them—
Lean on my shoulder and sway!—
Following—following—wooing the sleep of them—
Laughing the whispers away.
Vaporous figures—and chaperons missing them—
White and indefinite blue—
Two in the world, and just you and I kissing them—
Flowers and music and dew.

MACDONALD HASTINGS.



The well-beloved Head of the Profession

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

"HAMLET"

As Burlesqued by "The Follies," at the Palace Theatre

In the Mad Scene, Ophelia plays with vegetables, not flowers, part of her "business" (with song) being to present Hamlet with a cauliflower

The Queen, familiarly referred to by her spouse as "Gertie," is not above doing a "pas seul"

The central motive of the skit is that Hamlet sees ghosts on the ramparts and other places, because he is addicted to the bottle

Photos by *Campbell-Gray*

In the finale, a grand battle of the Hamlets (real and dummy) takes place. The stage is a picture of whirling arms and legs. Finally, Shakespeare, on his pedestal, appears through a trap and shoots the last survivor

Toy Motor-Boat Racing in Paris

THE RACE FOR THE BRANGER CUP—FOR THE BEST TIME ROUND THE ORNAMENTAL BASINS IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS

The three competitors taking their entries through the Tuileries Gardens

The institution of the Branger Cup marks a novel, if not a sensational, epoch in the history of motor-boat racing. The three entries comprised the *Quinquinna*, containing a steam-driven motor engine, and two electric launches, *Jacques I.* and *Raymond II.* The proud proprietors, bearing their entries in their arms, took an overland route through the Tuileries Gardens to the racing waters

Photos by *Topical Agency*

The "Quinquinna," winner of the Cup: Length, 3 feet 3 inches; speed, 8 kilometres (nearly 5 miles) per hour; ⅒ h.-p.

No little excitement was caused in the race by the somewhat erratic course kept by the electric launches. For several moments it was feared they would encounter the water-spout of the fountain's play, but, fortunately, a favouring zephyr turned the cascade in another direction. The *Quinquinna*, the winner of the Branger Cup, was built by M. Girard, the well-known designer of toy yachts

LAKE COMO

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR AN IDEAL RENDEZVOUS

Tennyson's Hotel at Varenna, Lake Como

The present season is the most suitable for a visit to the Italian Lakes. Describing Lake Como in the spring and early summer, an enthusiastic writer says: "The weather is really heavenly; the air is pure, fresh, cool, clear, and soft. The sun shines brightly, but not too fiercely, while the higher mountains are still covered with snow so brilliantly white that it fatigues the eye to look upon it for any length of time." The hotel in the above illustration, is that mentioned by Tennyson, in his poem "The Daisy," but since his time it has been considerably enlarged

View of Lake Como from Varenna, Station

This view from Varenna Station is very fine, both of mountains and lake. The portion shown of the lake is that looking towards Colico. Varenna Station and the railway is well known to St. Moritzers, a great many of whom return by that route after their winter stay in the mountains. The railway is remarkable as being one of the first ordinary railways to be worked by electricity, the power being obtained from the falls at Sondrio

General view of Bellagio, on the Lake of Como

Bellagio thoroughly deserves its Italian name, which signifies "beautiful residence." It is situated on the lake shore, at the foot of a wooded promontory which juts out into the middle of the lake, of which it commands one of the finest views obtainable

The Landing Stage at Bellagio, on the Lake of Como

There are many palaces to be seen on the shores of Lake Como. Here Pliny had a villa, but the site is not preserved. The chief interest of these palaces lies in the ga dens, which, at this time of year, are ab'aze with camelias, azaleas, and magnolias

Lake Como

WHERE THE SEASON IS NOW AT ITS HEIGHT

A beautiful sunset effect on the Lake of Como

"EYES FRONT!"

Jones, walking through the Park on a summer evening, is painfully aware that the best thing to do in an embarrassing situation is to follow out an order which was frequently shouted at him in his volunteering days

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

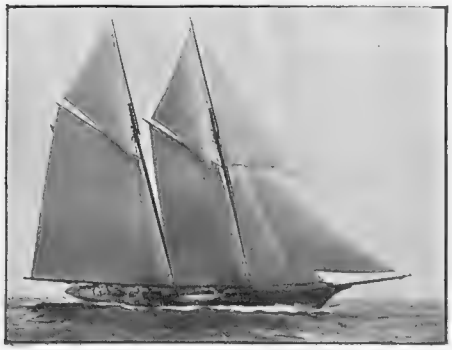


Photo by *Bolles*

"Endymion" (Mr. George A. Lauder)

Holds the record (1900) for crossing Atlantic—13 days 20 hours 36 minutes

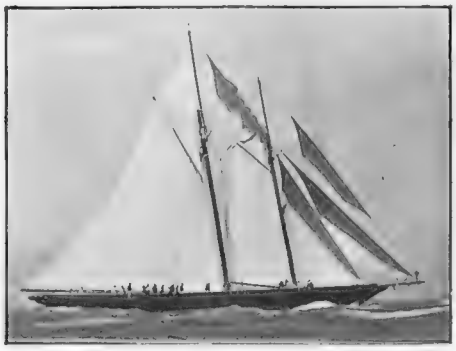


Photo by *Crib*

"Hamburg" (the only German entry)

Representing the Imperial Yacht Club of Germany. Formerly called the "Rainbow," and has been used as a training vessel

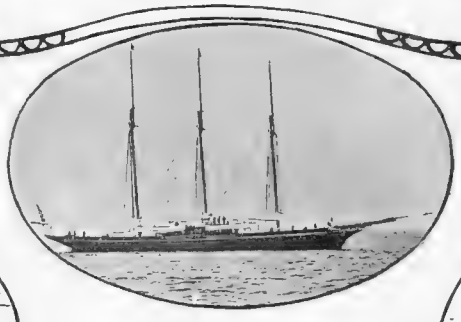


Photo by *Bolles*

"Utowana" (Mr. Alison V. Armour)

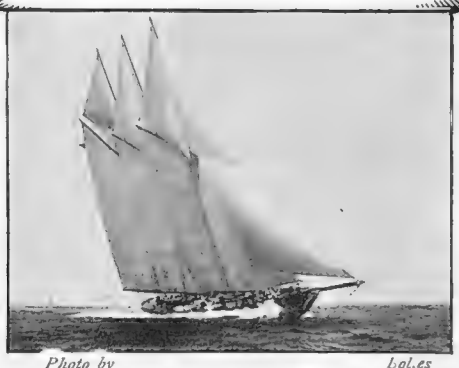


Photo by *Bolles*

"Atlantic" (the favourite)

Owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, N.Y.Y.C. Sailed by Captain Barr, the American Cup skipper

THE TRANSATLAN

FOR THE K

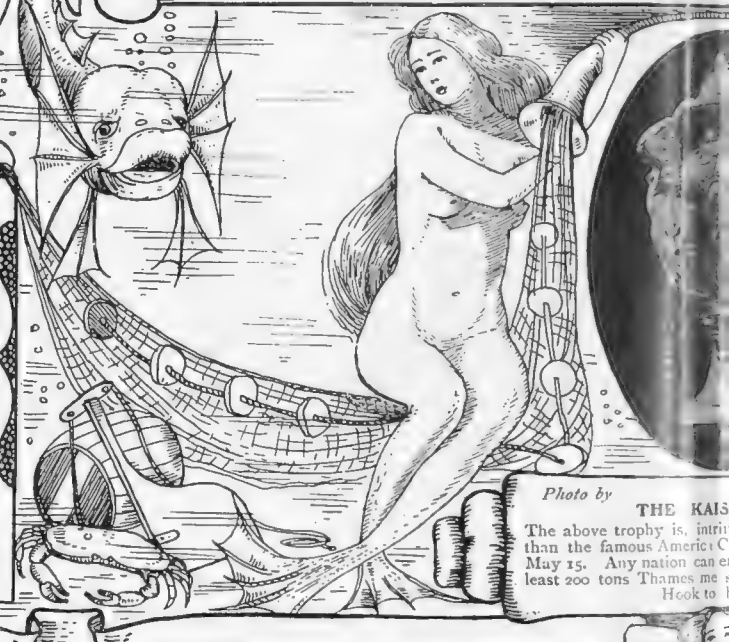


Photo by

THE KAIS

The above trophy is, intrin than the famous Americ C May 15. Any nation can e least 200 tons Thames me Hook to

Photo by *Bolles*

"Fleur de Lys" (Dr. W. A. Stimson)

A good deal of risk will be run by this little schooner should the weather prove rough

Photo by *Beken*

"Valhalla" (Earl of Crawford)

Full-rigged ship, 648 tons—Royal Yacht Squadron. "Valhalla" and "Sunbeam" are the only two English yachts competing

Photo by *Bolles*

"Ailsa" (Mr. H. S. Redmond)

One of the favourites. Has weathered the Bay of Biscay, and holds good record in Mediterranean

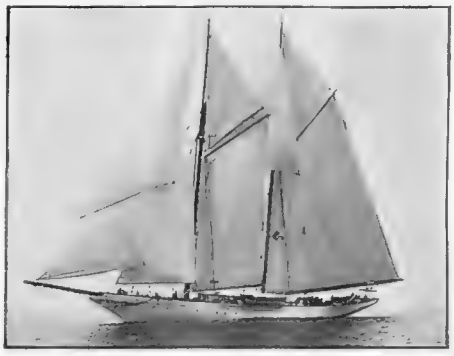


Photo by *Bolles*

"Vergemere"

A doubtful starter

NTIC YACHT RACE

KAISER'S CUP

Bolles

ISER'S CUP

rinsi ally, far more valuable. C The race commenced e , but ships must be at ment. Course: Sandy L'zard.

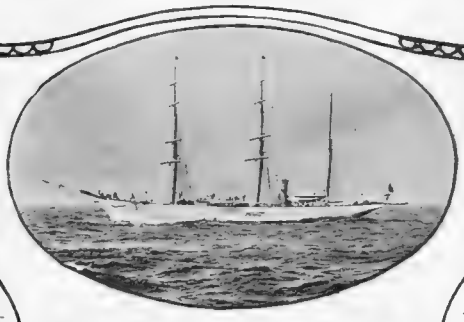


Photo by *Bolles*

"Apache" (Mr. Edmund Randolph)

Barque-rigged

Photo by *Bolles*

"Thistle" (Mr. Robert E. Tod Atlantic Y.C.)

Photo by *Beken*

"Sunbeam" (Lord Brassey)

In the "Sunbeam," Lord Brassey and the first Lady Brassey made their famous trip round the world, 1876-77

Photo by *Bolles*

"Hildegarde" (Mr. Edward R. Coleman)

Representing Corinthian Yacht Club, Philadelphia

TOM·R·RIGBY · 05

THE BLUNDERFUL BABOO

"Your ice seems to disagree with you, Mr. Chamboddy Ram"

"You have hit the nail on the right head. It has assumed painfully cold attitude towards interior of tum-tum"

DRAWN BY E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS

OUR SHORT STORY

THE RETURN OF PETER TAVINER

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

It was considerably past eleven o'clock; everyone else of Sir Peyton's week-end party had retired to bed, and only young Archie Doyle and Sir Peyton Loftus himself remained sitting over the fire in the large, square hall of the latter's country house. Whisky and soda were near at hand on a small table, and each of the two men, with his legs stretched out comfortably before him, held a cigar between his fingers.

They conversed at occasional intervals as men will, who are sitting comfortably in front of a glowing fire at the end of a long evening.

"Your week-end collection, Peyton," Doyle was saying in a somewhat sleepy voice. He referred to the week-end guests.

"Who are they? Who's Mrs.—Mrs.—the one in the blue silk dress—Mrs. Brayton?"

Sir Peyton woke up a little at the question concerning his guests.

"She's an elderly lady, Archie," he said, calculatingly, "who, though she doesn't bring her husband with her, carries a volatile oil of respectability on her person. Respectability's what you might call a cheap scent."

"So I should imagine," assented Doyle, with a laugh, "so many poor people seem to saturate their clothes with it. And who's Miss Van Dester?"

"An American. Very decent girl. Rather liable to try and forget her nationality. Harmless amusement, of course. She carries a fortune up her sleeve, when she wears one."

Doyle drank off the remainder of his whisky. He found Sir Peyton's descriptions amusing.

"Well, then, Mrs. Maidlow?" he continued, "she's the best of the bunch."

"Ah!" Sir Peyton looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"Betty's the best, as you say. She married abroad. America. I was one of the few who heard of it. She lived there for eight months, then came back here again with 'Mrs.' tacked on to her maiden name. Told me everything about it but what I wanted to know; who her husband was. She shuts her mouth both on his name and whereabouts, and I can't get a word out of her."

"They didn't hit it off?" suggested Doyle, "or did she divorce him?"

"That I don't know," said the host, after a pause. "She never told me whether it was divorce or separation, and I've never been able to find out."

"How long have they been separated?"

"A matter of two years."

"And where's the man? Oh! of course, you don't know. Is she happy?"

Sir Peyton leant back in his chair, flicked the ash of his cigar some feet into the fender, and laughed.

"Don't you waste your time, Archie," he said good-naturedly. "You play golf remarkably well. Some one told me you ought to have your international cap for Rugby. You stick at that; it suits you; suits you admirably."

Doyle took the remark with a smile. "Well, I'm off to bed," he said. "But who's this chap Taviner that you're waiting up for. I've never met him before, have I?"

Sir Peyton shook his head.

"No," he said, "you've never met him. When I first ran across you, three years ago, he'd started on his travels round the world. We were at school together."

"What sort is he? Good shot?"

"One of the best. He's one of those fellows," Sir Peyton continued, beginning to elaborate, "one of those chaps who's sure to be a trump whatever the top card is. One of those good, old, brick walls, with broken glass on the top, but as fine a garden as you could wish to find on the other side."

Just as he had finished his sentence, they heard the wheels of a carriage stop outside on the drive, and the next moment the hall door opened.

Sir Peyton jumped to his feet, crossed to the entrance of the inner hall, and met Taviner on the threshold.

After the description he had received, Doyle looked at the new-comer with some interest. He was a strong, well-built man, with wind-roughed, sun-burnt face, and steady, grey eyes that did not want for humour. All, in fact, that he had been told seemed to coincide with his appearance. Archie moved forward, and held out his hand to Sir Peyton.

"Well, I'm off to bed, Peyton," he said.

"Good night, Archie." Then he turned to Taviner. "Peter," he said, "this is Doyle, the amateur golf champion."

The two men shook hands, and then Archie turned off to the stairs.

"Well, old man," Sir Peyton said, turning again to his friend, "if you're not too tired, come and have a whisky and a jaw. I want to hear something after all this stretch."

* * * * * *

The two men pulled up their armchairs nearer to the fire, Sir Peyton filled a tumbler for Taviner, and the grandfather's clock at the foot of the stairs began to strike twelve as he began to speak.

"Well," he said, when they were comfortably seated, "I suppose you've had a rare good time?"

Taviner screwed up his eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"From some points of view, yes; from others, no. I've had what you might call a mixture."

Taviner took a cigar from his case, laying the latter on the mantelpiece as he cut the end off the cigar.

The tone in his voice led Sir Peyton to realise that

(All rights strictly reserved)

his friend had been hit—hit hard on some subject, which all the travelling in the world could not make him forget, and he set to work to try and find out what that subject was.

"Why didn't you come back after the year, as you said you would?" he began by asking.

"Reasons," said Taviner. "Reasons."

"Excellent!" said Sir Peyton with a laugh. "But I thought reasons were quite decadent nowadays."

"Quite possible. But I'm old-fashioned—horribly old-fashioned. Why, Peyton, old chap," he leant forward with his elbows on his knees, and then added the rest of his sentence with a sudden rush of confidence, "I'm married."

Sir Peyton put down the glass of whisky that he was in the act of raising to his lips. So it had gone as far as this. Sir Peyton raised the glass again, after a pause, and swallowed his surprise with his whisky.

"Well," he said, "you've got it now. I didn't think you'd make a fool of yourself, Peter. What's her vice? A wife may be anything but vicious, you know?"

"She had none," said Taviner quietly.

"Oh, you seem bent on making me surprised."

"We're separated." Taviner pulled at his cigar.

There was rather a long pause of silence. Sir Peyton broke it as Taviner looked round at him.

"Separations are irrevocable," said he. "You ought to have been divorced, then you could have married her again; but human nature's too pig-headed to get over a separation. There's nothing romantic about making it up. Tell me something about it, old chap."

"Nothing to tell," said Taviner. "She slept with her head under the clothes."

Sir Peyton laughed. "Dangerous habit. Don't tell me she—breathed too heavily."

A smile crept into Taviner's eyes, but the light of it soon died out ago.

"No," he said, "that wasn't it; I liked fresh air you see. I had the windows opened."

Sir Peyton concealed his smile. "Fatal!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know it was. Out of that came her temper. She was sweet, old chap, but she had a temper; and being absurdly young, she didn't know where to keep it."

"Who broke the last straw?" Sir Peyton interposed.

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose we both had our hands on it. She went, if that's what you mean. Strolled away with her head in the air, just as if she was going to Brighton for the week-end; asked me to send on the rest of her things, and requested me, as she looked round the corner of the door, not to make a scene."

"And you—?"

"I? Oh, I packed up the rest of her traps, of course; but when I came to her little slippers and things——"

"Well?"

"I swore!"

Both men raised their glasses and drank.

"Where is she now?" Sir Peyton asked, after a pause.

"I don't know."

"Ever hear from her?"

"Sometimes. She writes to me occasionally from nowhere. And adds in a postscript that she's very happy?"

"In a postscript?" exclaimed Sir Peyton with a laugh. "Then don't believe it."

"Why?" Taviner turned round on his friend with surprise and hope in his eyes.

"Postscripts, with women," said Sir Peyton sententiously, "are either one of two things. Sometimes both. They contain what she originally intended to write about, or they express feelings which she thinks it diplomatic to convey. Don't you believe it, Peter."

Taviner rose from his chair and held out his hand.

"All this is useless," he said in a hard voice. "I'm going up to bed. Will you pilot?"

The two men left the hall together, and on the mantelpiece remained Taviner's cigar-case.

* * * * * *

The grandfather's clock in the hall had struck the half-hour after twelve, when the light of a candle lit up the old oak stairs of Sir Peyton's country house; and Peter Taviner, his coat, waistcoat, tie, and boots, all off, came down to look for his cigar-case.

To his surprise, the fire was still well alight, and having found the object of his search, and drawn a chair up to the fire, he began to smoke, oblivious of the hour of night and his surroundings.

The previous conversation with his host had served to bring up to his mind the subject for whose oblivion he had taken a two years' journey round the world.

Once make a woman your wife, he told himself; once give her your name and live under the same roof with her, if it's only for a day, and you cut yourself into two pieces, of which it may be said that it is impossible for one to forget the other.

As he sat lazily smoking, he idly counted the number of times since their separation, when he had sat up over a fire, just as he was doing then, or out in the air on a summer night, without a thought of going to bed. Then he recollected that they used to clear off at eleven in those days. Those days; the words themselves had a forbidding sound. His head began to fall forward on his chest. He tried to look up at the clock. He knew it was late. He didn't want to go to sleep, he wanted to think. It was no good going to sleep there. If he could not keep awake, it was far better that he should go back to his bedroom. He fancied to himself that he made an effort to rise, but his head only fell further down on to his chest, the cigar dropped out of his hand on the carpet, and nature settled the matter for herself.

. . . . .

How soon after it was, that he woke, he could not say; but the fact that the sound of a board creaking in one of the passages had awakened him, he was certain of. He stood up unsteadily, and held on for a moment to the arm of his chair. There was no doubt about it, some one was coming from one of the bedrooms; he could see the glimmer of the light approaching. Suppose it were burglars. He smiled as he thought of the prospect. Action, as it is to some men, was like wine to him. But that supposition was unlikely. Burglars did not wander around country houses with candles. He

He realised fully that it was utterly hopeless to forget her

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

caught sight of a reflection of himself in the glass over the mantelpiece. Without his tie, coat, or waistcoat, he came to the conclusion that he looked somewhat ridiculous. The next second, he had blown out his candle, and got into the angle formed by the grandfather's clock that backed against the stairs, with the intention of watching developments.

A moment later the light became absolutely apparent, as two girls, dressed in their tea-gowns, and each holding a candle in her hand, turned from one of the passages that opened on to the main staircase.

Taviner heard them whispering as they crept down the stairs into the hall, and he silently shifted his position, creeping behind a curtain that served to hide a door leading to the domestics' quarters, where he would be less conspicuous, and yet see all that was going on.

They had evidently heard a sound, for they both stopped half way down the stairs.

"Did you hear?" said one in an awed whisper.

Taviner smiled to himself, and wondered what they were doing.

Immediately after, evidently satisfied with the renewed stillness, they continued their way, and as they reached the bottom of the stairs, came directly into Taviner's range of vision.

"My God!" he exclaimed silently to himself. "It's Betty! Betty!" and he repeated the word over and again to himself in silent wondering.

It was Betty. Betty Maidlow, of whom Sir Peyton had given a brief sketch to Archie Doyle. The other girl was her cousin.

As soon as she had satisfied herself that they were alone, Betty went to a large basket, kept for letters, and dropped an envelope on to the top of the collection, then crossed to the fireplace, putting out her feet to the flame.

"I told you it would be all right, Lilian," she said, in a hushed voice. "Only you're so silly; you get so frightened."

Lilian Reeve moved over to Betty's side.

"I wasn't frightened," she objected, "but it seems so silly to come down at this time of night, simply to put a letter into the basket."

"I couldn't get it written before, and, besides, I didn't want anyone to see me post it. The reasons are quite good enough for me." She looked up at the clock, and, seeing her full face again, Taviner still wondered.

"This'll go by the first post to-morrow," she said, "and he ought to get it by the first post on Monday."

"He?" repeated Taviner to himself, in his recess. "So nature's found a substitute. What a fool I was ever to think it wouldn't."

"It'll be such fun," Betty continued; "he'll be down at about six. It's the wickedness of it that's so lovely. We'll have dinner at about seven, and I shall tease him all the time, to make him think that I don't care a pin for him. Then he'll have to row me up the river towards Cleveden, till it's quite dark, and then——" she stopped.

"Well, and what then?" asked Lilian.

"What then?" echoed Taviner in his despair. What else was to be expected, he wondered. You can't let a pretty woman run over the world by herself and not get her dress soiled somewhere. He thanked Providence that he had overheard. It seemed possible, even at that hour, to prevent.

Looking strangely at her from behind his curtain, Taviner saw her suddenly stand erect and sniff the air.

"Lilian," she said quickly, "either your gown or mine is burning. How do you like mine, by the way? I shall wear it after dinner when he comes. It's just the sort he'd like."

"But you couldn't go up the river like that," said Lilian.

Betty moved quickly away from the fire.

"Something is burning," she exclaimed, and she looked about her on the ground. Then it was that she found the cigar. Picking it up from her feet, where it had burnt a hole in the hearthrug, she held it up to view. It was still smouldering.

"Some one's been here," she said, in a frightened voice, "not so very long ago."

Lilian stifled a scream.

"Perhaps they're here still," Betty added nervously, and her cousin made a rush to the stairs.

"Don't! Betty!" she exclaimed. "It isn't fair. You know how nervous I am."

Just at that moment the swaying of the curtain over the door caught her notice. She pointed to it before she could speak.

"Some one's there, behind that curtain," she said in a whisper, hoarse with fear; and when it came to that, Taviner stepped out.

"Peter!" she exclaimed, in utter incredulity. "Peter!"

"Peter Taviner," he suggested.

Betty turned with a swish of her gown to her cousin.

"You can go back, Lilian," she said, authoritatively. "I shall be all right. I'll be up presently."

Too amazed to disobey, Lilian crept silently upstairs back to her bedroom. Then Betty turned to her husband.

"The Taviner scarcely improves the occasion," she suggested haughtily.

"I thought we might throw it in," remarked Peter, quietly.

Betty's lip curled. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I was improving the lurid hour till you came; I suppose we're both guests of Sir Peyton's; then, when you turned up, I'm afraid I rather made a mess of it."

"But isn't that characteristic of you?"

"You would say so. You've always said so."

"Only because I've made myself the mouthpiece of circumstance," Betty rejoined.

"Well, let me follow your example. I've been behind that curtain."

A laugh rose to Betty's lips. "I wouldn't tell that to everyone if I were you," she suggested.

"It's not my intention to." Taviner was quite calm, though he was perfectly conscious of looking ridiculous.

"I overheard some of your plans," he added, "and even now those plans in some way concern me."

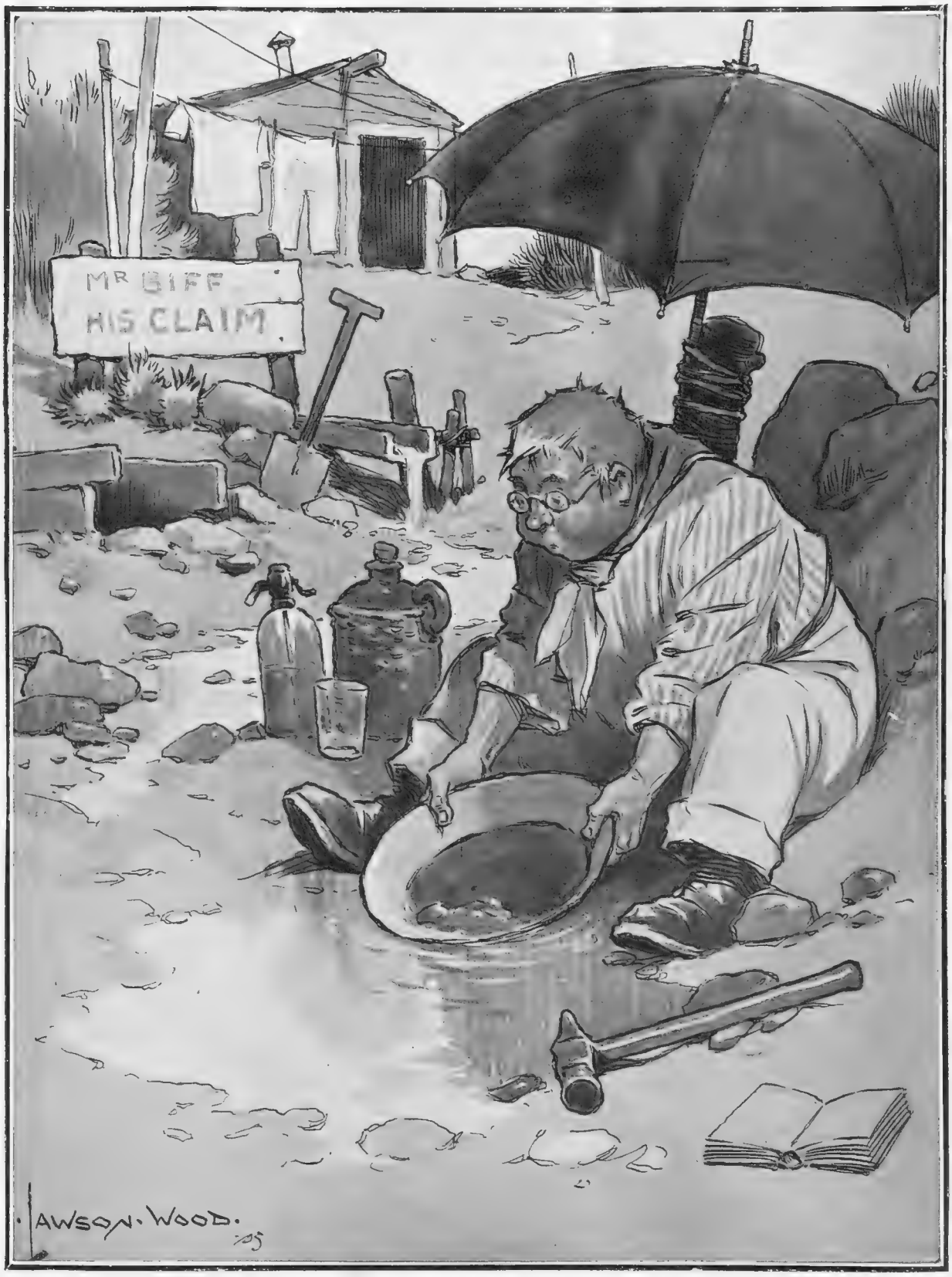
"Really?" Betty's surprise was admirable.

"You bear my name," said Taviner.

(*Continued on page 338*)

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD



Chapter XIV.—ON THE AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS

"I haven't found enough even to float a company"

(*Continued from page 336*)

"Pardon, my father's."

This was just the way she used to aggravate him two years before.

"You hold that," he said slowly, "but you bear mine, and I can't afford it to be dragged about in a flat-bottomed punt, trailing in the water at Maidenhead."

Betty yawned. She took elaborate means to conceal it, but, nevertheless, she yawned.

"My dear Peter," she said casually, "when I go down to my cottage at Maidenhead, I contemplate enjoyment, and, believe me, nothing would induce me to stop the progress of my flat-bottomed punt with so hampering a weed as the name of my husband. However, having played the eavesdropper, what does all this lead to?"

Taviner did his best to control his voice.

"I am going to take that letter out of that basket and throw it in the remainder of that fire."

Betty's eyes opened with surprise.

"That's a very senseless proceeding," she remarked.

"Why?"

"Because there's more ink and more paper in the world than that letter was written on, and, at the most, it will only satisfy your curiosity."

Taviner walked over to the basket with determination.

"I shall burn it, nevertheless," said he.

Betty watched him as he took it from the top of the other letters. She made no movement or sign to prevent him as he carried it across the hall. Only when he threw it in the fire did she half raise her hand, but she let it fall again to her side. He stood there, looking into the red, hot embers waiting until it should catch alight. Suddenly a little flame licked it, and it blazed up in light, and as suddenly, with an exclamation, Taviner turned round to his wife.

"Why, Betty!" he said. "It was to me!"

"You might have known that before," she said quickly, "if you'd chosen to satisfy your curiosity!"

"I didn't want you to see that I cared as much as that," he replied simply. For a moment they were looking into each other's eyes, when suddenly he realised what he had overheard. "Then it was I to have come down to Maidenhead?" he exclaimed.

Betty was not going to give way at once.

"Presumably," said she.

"I to have had dinner at seven?"

"No one else."

"I to have rowed you up the river till it got dark?"

"Your hearing is just as good as ever."

"And then —?" Taviner came to her side. "What then, Betty?" he asked gently.

"Well," she smiled up into his face, "supper, I suppose."

"And then?" he persisted.

Betty looked up at the clock.

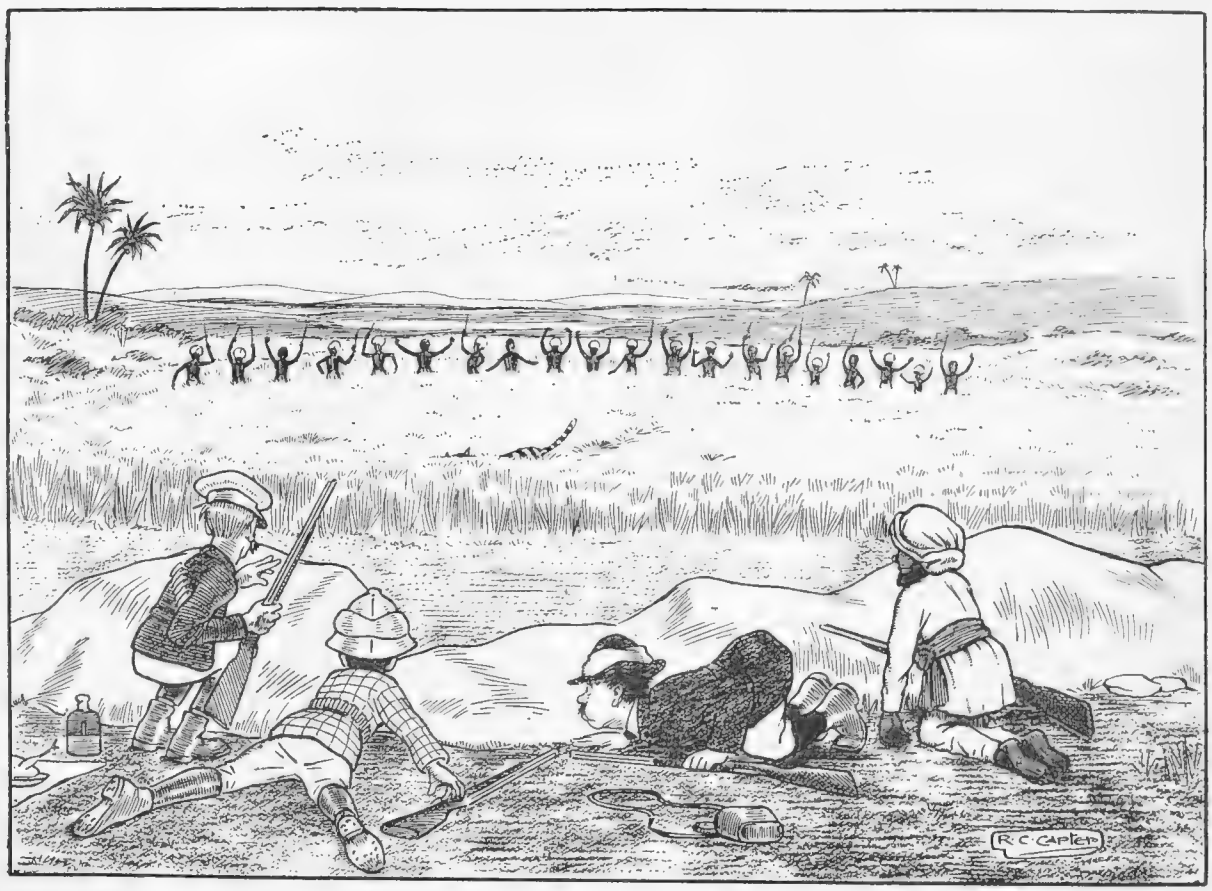
"If I don't go to bed now," she said, "that child will never get any sleep at all."

"But what about Maidenhead?" Taviner asked.

Betty stood on tiptoe, so that her lips reached his.

"Well, will you come?" she said.

E. Temple Thurston.



Impressions of a tiger shoot, in Rajpootana

(Sketched at home from a description contained in a friend's first letter from India)

As the writer of a novel with a good plot, plenty of exciting incidents, and skilfully drawn characters, Mr. William Le Queux is hard to beat. Mr. Le Queux, moreover, is conscientious in his dealings with that difficult subject, "local colour," and we understand that he has just completed a six-thousand mile journey through Europe, by motor, to gather local material as the setting for a new novel to be published in the autumn. Novelists are not always so particular. Indeed, many seem to possess a special faculty of assimilating localities by intuition. Thus, General Lew Wallace had never been to the East before he wrote "Ben Hur," which teems with descriptions of Oriental life, and many other instances might be cited. Mr. Le Queux has a new book in the press with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, with the peculiarly Le Queux-like title of *Who Giveth This Woman?* This novel is a striking example of Mr. Le Queux's extraordinary skill in plot construction. On the very day on which he unexpectedly succeeded to a vast inheritance, George Hewerdine, while standing in front of a house in Montague Street, hears evidence of a ghastly tragedy taking place within it. When the police enter, the actors have fled, but not without leaving clues, which, in the hands of so skilful a literary detective as Mr. Le Queux, are made to lead through an exciting chase to a romantic conclusion.

The delight to be gained from the perusal of a good catalogue is one which appeals to every book-lover, though, of course, the enjoyment is heightened when the list is one of second-hand books "in good condition and at the lowest possible prices for cash." Mr. Sonnenschein's well-known work, *The Best Books*, is none the less fascinating as a sort of perpetual record, and a new edition of this work is now in the press, and will be published shortly. The first book, which classified and described "the best 50,000 books" current, was first published in 1887, and the "Reader's Guide," issued subsequently, brought the selections down to the end of 1894. The new work now announced will contain, in one substantial volume, all that was worth preserving of these two previous books, and, in addition, invaluable bibliographies, references, notes, and characterisations, up to mid-summer, 1905. Thus this work will not only satisfy the ardent bibliophile, but will be the best book of reference on the market.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

Napoleon: The First Phase. By Oscar Browning. (John Lane.)

Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) (The result of the author's five-and-twenty years' close study of the French people.)

NEW FICTION

May Margaret. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*) (Mr. Crockett introduces the reader to another charming Galloway heroine.)

The Friendships of Veronica. By Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

NEW FRENCH FICTION

La Force du Passe. By Daniel Lesueur. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*) (This has been the book of the week in Paris.)

One of the strongest novels to be published this month is *The Interpreters*, by Margaretta Byrde. Although there is no connection in character or locality between *The Interpreters* and the author's previous work, called "The Searchers," it is, in reality, a sequel in *motif*. In the former work, the characters were seekers after the divine in life; in the forthcoming sequel, the author shows how the divine in life is revealed through the crossing desires and the multitudinous experiences and temptations that assist in the making (and sometimes, alas, the unmaking) of men and women. The scene of the story is laid alternately in a West Country town and a mining village in South Wales, and the tale deals with a complicated and difficult moral problem which confronted a man and his wife—a problem inevitable from the characters and convictions of the persons concerned, and only to be solved by a tragedy. Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing the book.

Followers of our Bridge page will hear with interest of a curious work to be published by Messrs. Longman, entitled, *A Bibliography of Playing Cards and Gaming*. The author is Mr. Frederic Jessel, who has gone into his work with such thoroughness, as practically to have exhausted the subject. Even plays and novels, which depend upon gaming for their plots, or have allusions to gaming, are mentioned, and references in periodical literature are included.

"Are you a Goop?" We hope not, for although the term is applied to children, we fear that there are many adult Goops. The following lines, written by Miss Hewins, are put prominently before children using the new children's reading-room in an American Public Library:

> The Goops they wet their fingers
> To turn the leaves of books,
> And then they crease the corners down,
> And think that no one looks.
> They print the marks of dirty hands,
> Of lollipops and gum,
> On picture-book and fairy-book,
> As often as they come.
> ARE YOU A GOOP? ? ?

We are indebted to the *Publishers' Circular* for our copy of the verses.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

By "J. A. H."

"Correctors of the Press"

Mr. Anthony Hope presided, last Saturday, at the annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, a body of workers who deserve the goodwill of all writing folk, although they are more often the subjects of blame than of praise. The proof-reader is the man on whom the author fathers his own worst mistakes. Yet he is an invaluable person, and his only fault, to my mind, is his propensity for correcting even such passages as an author, for a humorous purpose, deliberately mis-spells. I do not think that I have ever succeeded in getting words mis-spelt when I wanted them so, and I take this occasion of airing my grievance! I remember the late George Augustus Sala presiding, a good many years ago, at the dinner of this worthy charity, which attained its jubilee last year, and he had some very interesting remarks to make on the subject of proof-correcting, drawn, I suspect, from his famous commonplace book:—

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly

Whose new book, "The Wild Marquis," has just been published. Mr. Vizetelly, who has lived in all the chief capitals of Europe, was a great friend of Zola's, and is one of the most versatile writers we have. At seventeen he was a war correspondent, and afterwards went through the Paris Commune

> In old times (he said) printers chained copies of their books outside their offices, and if any passing scholar succeeded in detecting an error he was rewarded according to its magnitude—a cup of wine for a broken letter, a cup of wine and a plate of beef for a turned letter or wrong fount, a much larger guerdon for an error in grammar. At the present time the daily and weekly Press, as well as the general literature of England, might be considered unrivalled throughout the world for its accuracy, its beauty, and its scholarship, and, so far as he was concerned personally, he cheerfully paid a forty-seven years' debt of gratitude to the correctors for the care they had always taken with his manuscript.

I may add that the old-time custom of giving rewards for the detection of errors in print is, after a fashion, maintained by the Bible Society, which will present you with a guinea if you detect, for the first time, a misprint in any of their editions of the Bible. Quite recently a London journalist earned an honest guinea in this way. Curiously enough, the late Sir Isaac Pitman discovered thirty-eight errors in one of their editions, and notified the Society of the result of his researches. They corrected the errors, but never answered his letter! That was seventy years ago; so I presume they have mended their manners since then. I have heard of a proof-reader who corrected an edition of the New Testament in Greek without allowing a single mistake to escape his vigilance, although he knew not a word of the language. The London Association of Correctors of the Press should raise a monument to his memory!

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly

The appearance of a new book by Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly suggests a note on an author who has had a singularly varied and eventful career. The name of his family is a familiar one, and the fact that his father suffered imprisonment for having ventured to publish Zola's novels in English, will be remembered more readily than his distinguished services to pictorial journalism, and his publishing of that admirable series of the Old Dramatists. That is the way of the world. Mr. Ernest Vizetelly strikes one as an ideal cosmopolitan: born in England of a family remotely Italian, educated as a youth in Paris, and resident on the Continent, seeing life in all the chief capitals, acquiring a bewildering number of languages, until he was thirty-three—here was all for the making of a "citizen of the world." Yet, so potent an influence has England on her children, that, as he himself has told us, he never faltered in his love for the old land. He would apostrophise it, with Goldsmith, I suppose:—

> Where'er I roam, whatever realm I see,
> My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.

The Youngest War Correspondent

He was a student at the famous Lycée Condorcet, a schoolmate of many Frenchmen who have risen to distinction in the Third Republic, and had taken up his studies for the French Bar when the Franco-German War broke out. Only seventeen years of age at the time, he had already tried his hand at journalism, and now he

became his father's assistant as correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* with the Army of the Rhine. Thus, he was surely the youngest war correspondent on record. Even when, with his father, he got away from Paris to St. Malo, he remained to see most of the fighting with the army of the Loire, after his father had gone to London, and wrote a full page of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Greenwood, describing the great battle of Le Mans. A plucky youngster, forsooth! With his father, he returned to Paris, and went through the whole of the Commune. His name, in more recent years, has been closely identified with that of Zola, many of whose novels he has translated and edited (the original unexpurgated edition was issued in spite of his protests), and whose intimate friend he was, his biography of the great French "realist" — to my thinking, more of an idealist—being one of the best literary biographies that have appeared within the last few years. His new book is the true story of a French adventurer, Guerry de Maubreuil, and is published, under the title of "The Wild Marquis," by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Photo by *Burton and Sons*

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim

A widely read writer of thrilling fiction, whose latest book is "The Master Mummer." Mr. Oppenheim is a great favourite with the travelling public, his works taking precedence in this respect over those of the late Guy Boothby

Was Johnson out in the '45?

The other day, in a Scottish paper, which exists to further the patriotism of Caledonia, I came across a paragraph which the editor had culled from Hazlitt's "Essays" for the delectation of his Jacobite readers. It is, no doubt, familiar to many, but I shall reproduce it, if only to reject Hazlitt's suggestion:—

> Where was Dr. Johnson in the years 1745-46? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years. Was he in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands, in company with Boswell, many years after, "with lack-lustre eye," yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him; and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the Proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate Government.

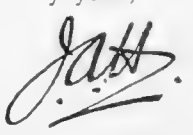
I wonder if Mr. Herbert Vivian has ever exercised his ingenuity on this interesting point; I can imagine him rising to the height of a fine imaginative work on "Johnson and Jacobitism." But to those who do not mourn the fate of the Stuarts, the evidence against Hazlitt's speculation is conclusive. It is true that Boswell can throw scant light on this period of his hero's life; he cannot quote a single letter written in 1745. But his surmise that Johnson was then, and in 1746, "sketching the outlines of his great philological work" is, no doubt, the correct one, added to the fact that at the time of the Rebellion he was also engaged in his Shakespeare studies, his essay on "Macbeth" having appeared in that year. Boswell makes it clear that Johnson's enemies were fond of dubbing him a Jacobite, to brand him an opportunist when he accepted his pension from George II., and that it was Johnson's whim to accept such criticism for the delight of arguing his critics into a false position. The anecdote of his Jacobite leanings, when he expressed the hope that Miss Roberts was a Jacobite, indicates that his sympathy for the followers of the Pretender was largely a matter of playfulness, whatever may have been his real sentiments as a younger man. Of his detractors, he said:—

> I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man, in every respect, that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year.

No; much though one would like to picture the ponderous figure of Dr. Johnson in military attire, and sporting a white cockade in the cause of Prince Charlie, there is no good reason for entertaining the thought, and Hazlitt's ingenious reference to Johnson's lack of pristine enthusiasm for Scottish scenes might be met with the reply that Johnson expressly counselled Boswell never to travel with the object of seeing places, but expressed his approval of Lord Essex's advice — "rather to go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town." And, in my humble opinion, no more pernicious counsel could be given to a young man.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim

I have much pleasure in presenting a recent photograph of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, concerning whom, and his work, I had some remarks to make in my causerie of April 26. Mr. Oppenheim is one of the most widely read novelists of the day, and, personally, one of the least known, as I then explained. His portrait will be welcome to many who are acquainted with his books, which, in their cheery red covers, greet the eye at every bookstall on our railway system and in most booksellers' windows. For many years, Mr. Oppenheim has been Messrs. Ward, Lock's "strongest card," the late Guy Boothby being a good second.



GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Coming Amateur Championship

Once more we are on the eve of the great amateur event of the golfing year, and, as a golfing scribe, I must take my courage in two hands and endeavour to forecast the result of the meeting. This year the event will be decided on the famous links of Prestwick, a course which in Scotland ranks in importance, historically and intrinsically, only second to that of St. Andrews. The foundation of the Prestwick Golf Club dates back to the early 'fifties of last century, when Colonel Fairlie, of Coodham, and other magnates of that part of Scotland, joined hands and started the club on its career of fame and prosperity. To the Prestwick Golf Club we owe the inception of the Open Championship, and in all that concerns golf the club has always taken a most commanding and most beneficial part. Although the club has only existed some fifty years, yet golf has been played from time immemorial over the links which now form its famous course, in proof of which we have the well-known legendary match between the laird and the monk for the latter's nose, which tradition says ended in the loss of the cleric's nasal organ. Six years have sped away since last the Amateur Championship was fought out on Prestwick links. That occasion was made immortal in golfing annals by the Homeric struggle in the final between Mr. John Ball and the late Lieutenant Tait. That match was only decided at the thirty-seventh hole, and was won by Mr. Ball by his doing that hole in three. Mr. Tait is, alas! no longer with us, and we, who knew and loved him as no other golfer of our generation has been loved, must live on our memory of this and many other matches in which he took such gallant part.

J. Robb

Who made the best fight against Mr. Travis (U.S.A.), winner of last year's Championship

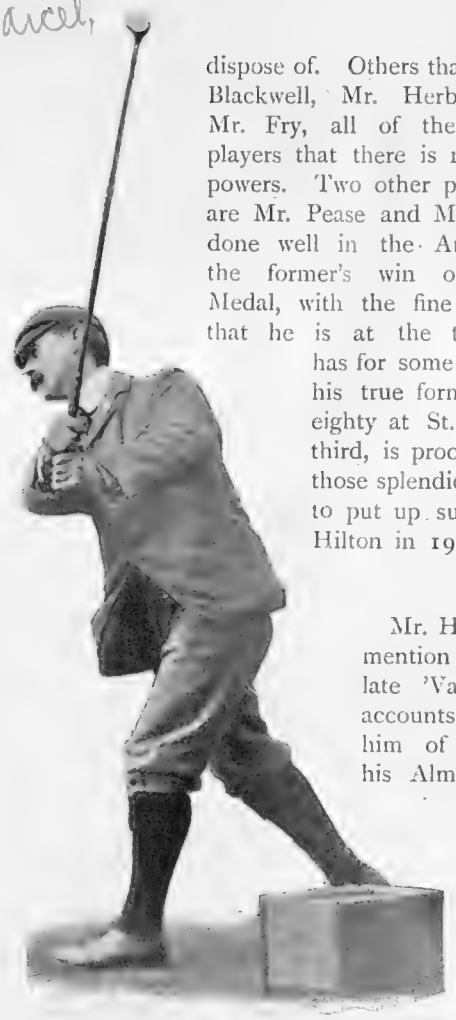
Mr. John Ball

But Mr. Ball is still in the prime of his splendid powers, and as the last winner on the scene of this year's conflict, we may confidently expect him to make a great effort to add a sixth link to that quintuple chain of victories standing to his credit. Mr. Ball is in fine fettle, I am told, and his recent performances at St. Anne's prove that there is nothing amiss with his game. Prestwick is a favourite course with Mr. Ball, for he has twice won the Amateur, and once the Open Championship there. With Mr. Ball at the top of his game, and provided that the East wind kindly absents itself during the meeting, I shall be fairly safe in saying that it will take a very good man indeed to prevent another victory going to the great Hoylake player.

Mr. R. Maxwell, Mr. Graham, and Others

His most formidable opponents will undoubtedly be Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham. Of the latter I have not heard or seen any accounts lately, but he may be trusted to render an excellent account of himself. My only doubt in his case lies in the question of his physical power to stand the long strain of matches spread over the best part of a week. As a player he is second to none, and capable of holding his own with the best professional alive, but hitherto he has failed to come right through the fiery ordeal. A win by him would be one of the most popular events possible, for his splendid powers as a player are only excelled by his modesty concerning them. The physique denied by nature to Mr. Graham has been generously accorded to Mr. Maxwell, and it is a rare treat to see this fine specimen of humanity putting all the muscle of his back and shoulders into one of his tee shots. I hear

he has been doing phenomenal scores at Prestwick lately, rarely over seventy-two and often under seventy, though his eighty-two, at the St. Andrews Spring Meeting, is not up to his best form. Personally, if I were forced to make a choice among the array of talent soon to be assembled at Prestwick, I should select Mr. Maxwell as the most likely winner. As against Mr. Ball, he has youth on his side, and has the pull over Mr. Graham in the physical powers so necessary for standing a prolonged strain. Four veterans who must always be seriously reckoned with, are Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Mure Fergusson, and Mr. Balfour-Melville. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of their powers, and he would be a bold or a very rash man, indeed, who failed to take into consideration their chances of success.



John Ball, jun.

Who has twice won the Amateur, and once the Open, Championship at Prestwick, where this year's Amateur Championship is to be held

Mr. Robb and Others

Mr. Robb, who made, perhaps, the best fight against Mr. Travis last year, will be on his own happy hunting grounds, for the links in proximity to Glasgow have yielded him many a prize ever since he left St. Andrews for the West of Scotland. I must not omit from my list of possible winners the names of Mr. Norman Hunter, Mr. O. Scott, Mr. Harris, Mr. de Zoete, and Mr. Hutchison. They all belong to the younger school, and any one of them has the capacity of victory in him, perhaps the most consistent player among them being Mr. Cecil Hutchison. Whether his military duties will permit of his competing I know not, but, if they do, he will be a tough man to dispose of. Others that I must mention are Mr. Ted Blackwell, Mr. Herbert Fowler, Mr. Dick, and Mr. Fry, all of them so well known as great players that there is no need to expatiate on their powers. Two other players whom I must not omit are Mr. Pease and Mr. Low. Both have generally done well in the Amateur Championship, while the former's win of the St. Andrews Spring Medal, with the fine score of seventy-six, shows that he is at the top of his form. Mr. Low has for some time back been playing under his true form, but his excellent score of eighty at St. Andrews, bringing him in third, is proof that he is coming back to those splendid qualities which enabled him to put up such a good fight against Mr. Hilton in 1901.

Mr. Hoffmann

Mr. Hoffmann has earned a special mention by his fine performance in the late 'Varsity match, and from all accounts he has the makings in him of a great player. Whether his Alma Mater will allow him to compete remains to be seen. I sincerely trust that I may have the opportunity of seeing him measure himself against the great men of the day. I have, no doubt, omitted names that will be found high up in the list, but space fails me to reckon up the chances of the host of competitors who each year flock to the field of battle. Many improvements have recently been made in the course by the addition of length and extra bunkers, and I venture to assert that no competitor will find fault with Prestwick, which is a magnificent test of play in every department of the game.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by] **J. B. Pease bunkered at Muirfield** [*Baker and Dixon*

Mr. Pease is a player whose chances are to be reckoned with in the coming Championship at Prestwick

THE COMING LAWN TENNIS SEASON

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Players

There are practically no indications at present of any change in the *personnel* of our leading players. One of the proofs of the difficulty of the game is that it takes some time for a crack player to "arrive," and that, when once established, it is very hard to dislodge him. Even the Dohertys did not spring into fame in a single season, and there are men—and women, too—who were in the first flight fifteen years ago, and are there still. Gaps, of course, occur from time to time, but they are mostly filled, as it were, imperceptibly, by people who have been working their way slowly up and up through many a hard season. Still, every now and again a comparative novice turns up to whom one can point, and say with some confidence, "Here we have some one who will be a champion before long," and it would certainly add to the interest of things generally if there were a few more players of this kind knocking about just now. Of those who may claim to come in the category, W. C. Crawley, the Oxford president of last year, is going abroad for some time, in the pursuit, as I am told, of knowledge unconnected with lawn tennis, and, therefore, will have but little, if any, opportunity, of improving his game or adding to his experience, which is to be regretted, for he is a fine player as it is, and gives you the impression that he might easily become a finer. But his chief rival in the 'Varsity match last year, A. F. Wilding (whom, by the way, he beat), is still "up," and has been practising indoors during the winter. Opinions differ as to the merits of his play, but without being a great admirer of his style, which is forceful rather than polished, I myself think that, given the opportunity, he will "go far," because of his good physique and invariably good condition, and because he is keen without being over-anxious, and confident without being casual. I think, therefore, that we may safely expect to find him playing better this year than he did last. He will certainly be a thorn in the flesh for Oxford, for, Crawley having gone down, they appear to have no one to touch him. A player who would undoubtedly be more talked about than he is, if he were to pay an occasional visit to the south, is E. V. Jones, of Wolverhampton, who, a couple of seasons back, beat E. R. Allen on a wet court at Shrewsbury. Last year, at the same tournament he only just succumbed to Wilding after a tremendous tussle, while he beat both Mahony and G. W. Hillyard at Edgbaston and Buxton respectively. He is a fine volleyer, with a powerful service to help him, and a free hitter off the ground. With a little more regular play in good company—and perhaps a little less smoke—he should surmount several more rungs of the ladder. For correctness of style there is no one, among the younger men, to beat A. E. Beamish, and the faithfulness with which he has copied the play of the elder Doherty is quite remarkable. The drawback to his game at present is that it varies in efficacy sometimes from hour to hour, so that a good performance will often be followed by a come-down. Time may, perhaps, remedy this defect; moreover, it is quite possible that he may discover some strokes of his own, and so add to his repertoire. No two human being are quite alike, and, in my humble opinion, a too slavish imitation, even of the greatest masters, is a mistake. To imitate successfully R. F. Doherty one needs to have his marvellous power of anticipation; otherwise the perfect execution must necessarily lose some of its effectiveness. However, a good style is something that must always be reckoned with, and for this same reason we may keep an eye on T. D. Stoward, a mainstay, like Beamish, of the North Kensington Club, and on H. N. Marrett, the Badminton Champion, the former a good volleyer and a fairly hard hitter, and the latter one of the most active people ever seen on a court, with a good eye, a quick wrist, and a sufficient variety of strokes, which only want a little more powder behind them to be doubly telling. There are one or two young Irishmen, too, in whom there are distinct possibilities. The present Irish Champion, J. C. Parke, of Dublin University—also an International "Rugger" three-quarter—is the best of them, one of the Ruperts of lawn tennis, who has yet to learn the value of accuracy as compared with severity, but a very ugly customer to tackle when all his tall strokes are coming off. I hear, too, that R. M. Graham, who ran him close last year, has been showing good form in practice lately, and seems to be in better health and condition than he was formerly. I hope that these, and some of the other young Irish players, will be seen occasionally in England this season, instead of winning barren honours at small and little known meetings in their own country.

A. E. Beamish

A coming player, who has modelled his style on that of R. F. Doherty

The Old Guard

When we turn to the older players, the question which naturally suggests itself is: Will anyone beat the Dohertys? I say the Dohertys, because if "R. F." takes to Single play again in

England, and does it as well as he did recently in the South of France, there will be little to choose between him and "H. L.," while, in the matter of Doubles, the two are also about on a par. Of course, since the defeat of "H. L." at Queen's last autumn by Ritchie, it is hardly safe to talk of him as being absolutely invincible, but, personally, I do not think much significance should be attached to that match. On a hard court, whether under cover or in the open, but especially under cover, Ritchie's best is a good bit better than his best on grass; on grass, he has yet to prove his superiority over both Smith and Riseley, and I think that, if trouble is in store for Doherty, it is more likely to come from one of these two. However, at Wimbledon, Doherty is strongly entrenched behind the absurd rule which permits the holder of the Championship to stand out. Whoever ultimately meets him will have had a hard week's play, with probably two or thr e long and deadly struggles in it, and a good deal of the steam will have been knocked out of him. I think he would be a bold man who would venture, in the face of these conditions, to prophecy the downfall either of "H. L." in the Singles, or of the brothers in the Doubles. At Newcastle, H. L. Doherty holds the Cup, and a position (should he elect to defend it) apparently as impregnable as at Wimbledon. At the other big meetings, I expect to see Smith and Riseley to the fore wherever they may happen to turn up, and after them it will not be easy to pick the winner where any two of the following are concerned: Ritchie, Gore, Mahony, E. R. Allen, Barrett, G. W. Hillyard, Greville, Boucher, and Eaves. Caridia, too, is making headway with his own peculiar and most fascinating game. His maxim appears to be: Take the ball as soon as possible, on the volley for choice, failing that on the half-volley, and, failing that, on the rise—a stroke midway between the half-volley and the top of the bound. But this style of play needs an absolutely true surface, and, for this reason, I doubt whether he will ever prove quite as deadly on grass as he is at the covered court game. The three best pairs nowadays are the Dohertys, Smith and Riseley, and the Allens, and they may be trusted to beat any of the "scratch" couples, no matter how great their individual excellence may be, who are pitted against them.

E. R. Allen

The Ladies

Of the ladies, it would be possible to speak with much more certainty than of the men, were it not for the fact that Miss Douglass, the champion, sprained her wrist badly while playing on the Riviera this spring, and that the accident may affect her form for some time to come. Last season, she played at eight or nine meetings, and was undefeated at them all—a record that speaks for itself. I do not think that anything can stop her from winning the Championship again, unless it be her injured wrist. After Miss Douglass, there was very little to choose last year between Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Hillyard, who shared the Championship between them from 1894 to 1901, Mrs. Hillyard having also won it previously in 1886 and 1889. They both proved themselves capable of making a good fight of it against Miss Douglass, Mrs. Sterry having rather the better record of the two, and I hear that this season, in practice, both are playing as well as ever, and that either of them should once more become *prima inter pares* is by no means beyond the range of possibility. Of those who have not yet gained the highest honour of all, I think Miss C. M. Wilson is the best. She is one of the few who have beaten Miss Douglass since she first won the Championship in 1903. Another fine player, and possible champion, is Miss E. W. Thomson, with a style so easy and free that it verges almost on the casual. Miss A. M. Morton enjoys the distinction of being one of the most active players ever seen. In these days, when good volleyers are so plentiful, she suffers somewhat from having to confine herself almost entirely to the base-line; but she, too, is learning to volley, and if she can do so with effect, she will have gained what she needs, a little more strength in attack. Of the rising generation, there are several who may be expected to show improved form during the season, and one at least, Miss Eastlake Smith, seems to have a brilliant future before her. Recognising the advantage which a little knowledge of volleying gives to a lady player, she has cultivated that branch of the game assiduously, and with no little success. At present, she is not a good tactician, but a little more experience should remedy this defect.

H. S. Scrivener.

M. J. G. Ritchie

Who plays his best game on a hard court

The Sensationalism of the Markyate Tragedy

The exaggerated importance attached to the Markyate accident by a halfpenny paper has damaged automobilism considerably. In the past, motorists have had to fight hard against ignorance and prejudice, and, even now, the long, weary battle is by no means over. Sir Alfred Harmsworth, one of our leading motorists, has himself helped the movement not a little. Is it too much to hope that the energetic *Daily Mail*, with its enormous circulation, and a corresponding power for good or evil, may, in the future, treat motor and horse accidents more or less alike?

Motor Accidents Receive such Unfortunate Notoriety

When a car is concerned in an accident, special headlines and a prominent position in the papers far too often proclaim the misdeeds of the motorist. The death roll from horse-drawn drays, carts, or carriages, is usual, commonplace, familiar—and ceases to attract. Not so long ago, cycling was the new form of locomotion. The correspondence columns of the newspapers were full of doleful predictions — the cycle was a nuisance, it rendered the streets unsafe, horses would never get used to them, etc., etc. Universally used, nowadays, the Metropolitan Police report shows how exaggerated such fears were. The number of fatal accidents due to cycles in 1903 was but seven, the reduction to this comparatively small number being doubtless due to greater care and skill on the part of the cyclist, and to greater experience on the part of the general public.

Horse-drawn and Horseless Vehicles: A Comparison

A recent return, issued by the Home Office, gives the number of fatal accidents caused by motor-cars and motor-cycles from June, 1904, to March, 1905. In London, during these nine months, there were nineteen fatal accidents. The latest annual report of the Commissioner of Police deals with 1903. It enumerates and classifies the street accidents, giving a casualty list of 154 deaths due to street vehicles. Cabs killed twenty-two, 'buses sixteen, but the slower vehicles—the lumbering vans and heavy carts —have the worst record. To compare horse-drawn and horseless vehicles is by no means easy, for both numbers and mileage have to be taken into account. These figures, however, will help the public to remember that there are other dangerous vehicles on the roads besides cars. It may be urged by anti-motorists that these figures apply only to London, and that it is in the country that cars are driven dangerously. Here, again, I honestly believe that if a proper accident return could be made, it would be found that the comparison would not be unfavourable to the automobile. Properly driven by skilled hands, the car is a more reliable and safer vehicle, and I earnestly hope that the great body of motorists,

Photo by] **The new motor-cab which has at length been placed on the London streets** [*Topical Agency*

A large number will be running as soon as the manufacturing firms supply them, and 700 cabmen have been taught to drive the new type of vehicle

especially the beginners, will so conduct themselves that the general public, in the near future, will recognise the advantages in this respect of the motor.

Cars are so Much More Controllable

The relative stopping powers of bodies in motion, after all afford us a fair idea of their comparative safety. In this connection, official tests by the Automobile Club of Toulon are of interest:—

To pull up while travelling at	The horse-drawn carriage took	The motor-car took
11 miles per hour	20 yards	2¾ yards
13 ,, ,,	26 ,,	3 ,,
15 ,, ,,	——	3 ,,
20 ,, ,,	——	10 ,,

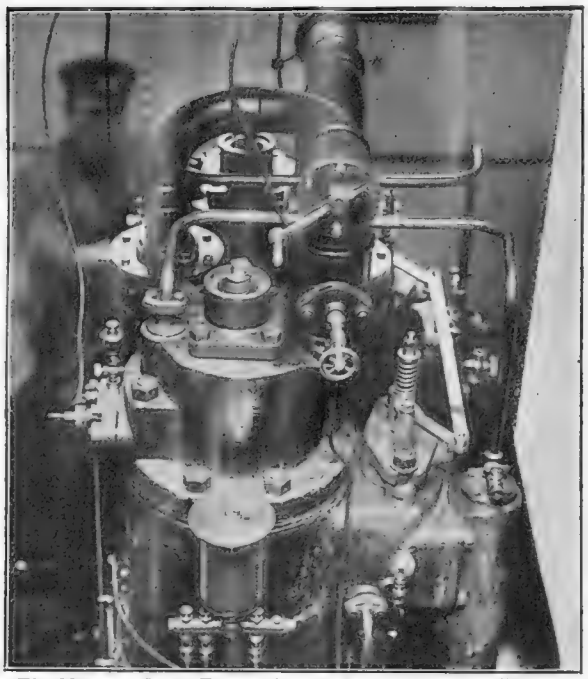
The horse-drawn vehicle was not tried above a speed of thirteen miles per hour, but these figures show that a motor travelling at twenty miles an hour can be stopped in half the distance required by the horse and cart travelling at eleven miles an hour.

Big Bags by Bobbies

Every morning the papers contain lists of unfortunate motorists who have been caught in traps. This police activity, greatly stimulated by Parliamentary questions, is likely to continue. Drivers should be extra careful, especially remembering to

RETARD THE SPARK

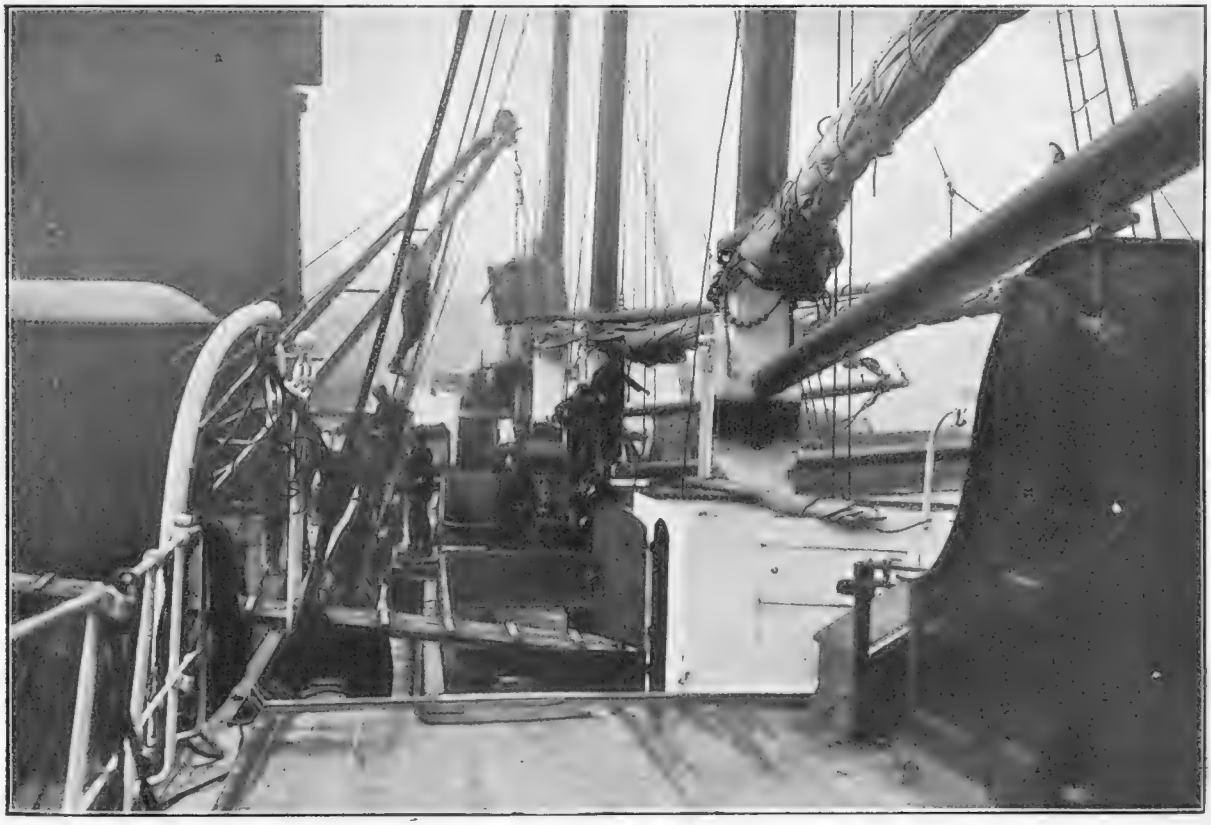
Down the fair mile, Cobham.
Approaching and leaving Purley corner.
Through Kingston, especially along by the river.
At Wallop Cross.
Between Ware and Puckeridge, on the Cambridge Road.
Through Chichester.



The Motor at Sea: The engine of the fishing ketch, "Sirra"
Which is of 52 h.-p. and is made by the Gasmotoren-Fabrik-Deutz, of Cologne, Germany. The engine-room is about six feet square, and is at the after-end of the hold, a small portion of which is divided off for the purpose

Along the lower Worthing road out of Brighton.
From London to Colchester, a measured mile between Witham and Kelvedon.
Through Newbury.
Three miles either side of Hungerford.
(The Bath road, in this neighbourhood, is exceptionally dangerous, as the police traps are constantly moved about.)
At Ardingbourne, four miles from Chichester, on the Arundel road.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



Photos by *Park*

The Motor at Sea: The deck of the fishing ketch, "Sirra," looking forward
The entrance to the engine-room, and the levers which control the motor, are seen on the right of the picture

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Origin of Opera

People are not accustomed, nowadays, to trouble themselves about the origin of matters that work for their convenience or their pleasure—they accept the present state of things with careless equanimity, and, if addressed on the subject, will shrug their shoulders and murmur that "life is too short——" So when they go to the opera, I imagine there are few who are at all concerned with its history or growth, though these are not without their interest. Opera has been associated with many civilisations, and though one would hardly look for its origin in the old Greek play, it has been ascertained that the speeches were declaimed in something more than a mere speaking voice, and that the choruses of *Agamemnon* and *Antigone*, for instance, were actually sung by the players. When, in the natural course of time, Greek civilisation received that check which appears to have been in store for most empires, the art of declamation, as employed in Greek tragedy, became lost, and one hears little of anything taking its place until towards the end of the sixteenth century. At that time, when Florence was the centre of European culture, a number of enthusiasts, who hoped to rediscover the lost art, used to meet at the palace of Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, and it was owing to their efforts that the first operas were produced.

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Herr Hegedüs

Who is to appear at Queen's Hall on Friday evening

Early Italian Methods

An interesting point in connection with early opera, is that in Orazio Vecchi's commedia armonica *L'Amfiparnasso*, produced privately at Mantua in 1594, no instruments of any sort were employed, but the whole was written for five voices, and when only one player was intended to be visible on the stage the other four still sang behind the scenes, and so supplied the place of the accompaniment. The step, however, to which may be traced the whole growth of modern opera, was the introduction of what was known as *lo stilo rappresentativo*, which later developed into the recitative. At this time the instruments in use for accompanying the singers were widely different from what we now know as the orchestra. Thus, one reads of the performance of Peri's *Euridice*, which was specially written for the wedding festivities of Henry IV. of France and Maria de'Medici in 1600, and was the first opera performed in public, that the orchestra was represented by a harpsichord, a lyre, two lutes, and three flutes. It is interesting to note that opera was first staged in Rome on a sort of cart during the carnival of 1606, much in the same manner as tragedy at Athens, under the direction of Thespis.

Opera for the Public

From being patronised almost exclusively by princes—no doubt owing to the cost of production—the opera in 1637 made a direct appeal to the people, due to the opening of the first theatre. Quickly taking the fancy of the public, the taste for opera spread to an extraordinary extent, and flourished in all the principal towns of Italy, and, indeed, of Europe. About the year 1680, Alessandro Scarlatti, to whose brilliant genius and careful study opera owes a tremendous debt, appeared on the scene. So prolific was he, that in the years between 1680 and his death, in 1725, he had composed no less than 108 operas. Meanwhile, an independent French school had been established by Lulli, originally a scullion in the household of Mdlle. de Montpensier, niece of Louis XIV., but possessed of such remarkable musical abilities that he was destined to keep alive in France the flame which was already dying down in Italy. He flourished contemporaneously with Scarlatti, and at the same time, in England, Henry Purcell was working at similar ideas, but on original lines, which followed more the traditions of the masque than of the Italian lyric drama. Having roughly indicated thus the birth of opera and its growth during the seventeenth century, I hope to trace its further development next week.

Some Violin Recitals

Herr Kubelik essayed the Beethoven concerto at his concert, but, truth to tell, he is not at his best in such music. Only for a short time during the first movement was he really *playing*, and although he succeeded well in the slow movement in expressing the tenderness of its sentiment, he took the third so slowly as to very nearly make it tedious. But it is difficult to imagine anything more delightfully brilliant and sparkling than the way in which Herr Kubelik and the orchestra played Wieniawski's D minor concerto. Of quite a different temperament is the young Polish violinist, Bronislaw Huberman, who is again playing in London. His genius leads him to play in charmingly delicate style, and, although he slips a note here and there, there is a strong element of romance in his playing. Herr Hegedüs, the celebrated Hungarian violinist, makes his reappearance on Friday, at Queen's Hall, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Cowen. H. F.

Polo at Ranelagh

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (SUBALTERNS) v. RANELAGH

Racing for the ball

In the Royal Horse Guards' (Subalterns) team were Lord Herbert, Mr. A. Rose, Mr. G. V. S. Bowlby, and Lord Ingestre (back)

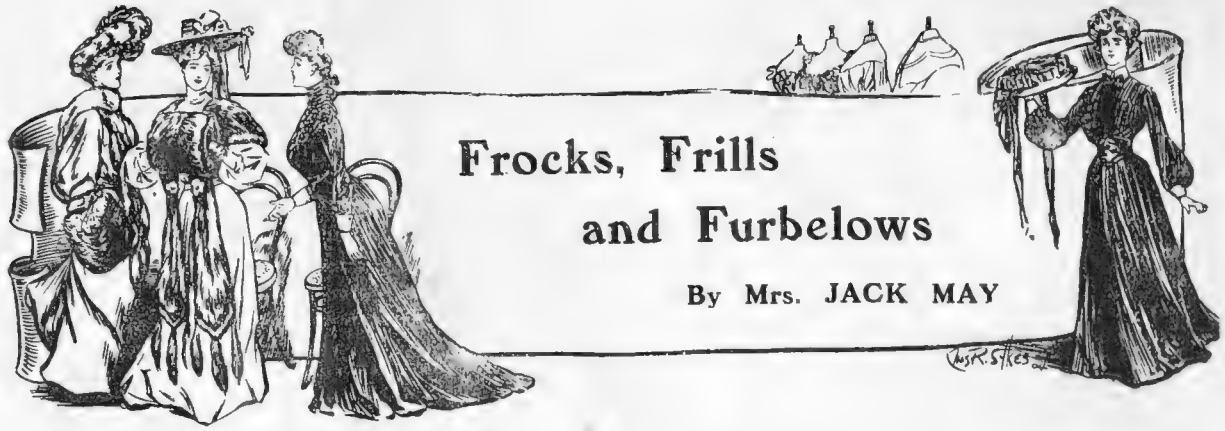
Changing ponies

In the Ranelagh team were Captain H. Boden, Count Jean de Madre, Major Macan, Mr. F. A. Gill (back)

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Waiting for a pass

The match was very keenly contested, and was won, after a hard fight, by the Ranelagh team by six goals to four



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Dear! Dear! What a hurry and a whirl it all is; and starting so directly on the quiet and calm of the winter recess, one feels it the more. It is also a little trying to be hurled suddenly from almost Arctic cold to something nearly resembling tropical heat. In such circumstances, it is almost impossible to keep one's balance, the direct evidence of which is found in the alliance of furs and parasols. However, the general aspect is commendably spring-like, advanced modes finding ready appreciation at the hands of the keenly modistic, and so far, if we except the accordion-pleated robe skirt, there is a pleasing absence of the ubiquitous model, but a determined advocacy for the walking skirt. Given the smallest excuse, and the train, I observe, is deleted; and this, let me tell you, in strict defiance of *La Mode's* decrees.

The Latest Material

This, in Paris, is called *pongée*, although heaven and the Parisian alone know why. *Toile* would be nearer the mark; but, really, this is a sort of Shantung in appearance, dyed to exquisite tints, and very much in request for what the exclusive modiste calls the simple, little morning gown, and for which she charges, well! a pretty penny, because, as she plaintively pleads, "it is so new." And there is no denying its novelty, nor yet its complete desirability, and, from the housetops, I am concerned in proclaiming my desire for a *pongée* frock, trimmed with coarse lace, which, personally, I deem more artistically happy than the dead white *appliqué* trimming affected by the leading lights of the fraternity.

An Old Favourite

A great *couturière* has been preaching to us the value of fine grenadine as a fabricating medium for the soft little lace-trimmed frock that we are to wear with the smart taffeta coat. In white, the skirt arranged in the latest vogue, created by slight pleats either side, and trimmed with a quantity of little *bouillonnées* and frills of Valenciennes lace almost to the knee; the corsage rather severe in silhouette, but revealing, on close inspection, a mass of elaborate stitchery and inset lace *motifs*, this grenadine frock should prove one of the first fascinations of the season, either with or without the accompaniment of the taffeta coatee.

While to older women, black grenadine cannot fail to prove an attraction; although, to speak frankly, it is somewhat difficult to distinguish between the new fine quality and its contemporary voile, still the revival carries the novelty of change of name, and, also, I imagine, grenadine has just a trifle more resistance.

The new skirt, by the way, demands the speediest recognition; it is quite the fad of the moment, and is very surely ushering in, with admirable *éclat*, the closer fitting jupe. That, and the dear little *bouffant* under-sleeve of chiffon and lace to the short *bouffant* elbow arrangements, are quite the two most eagerly discussed details. This under-sleeve, it will be understood, merely forms part of the fashionable curtailed *manche*, though, by various small and ingenious subterfuges, I observe, how, through its aid, a certain comfortable extension below the elbow is devised.

For linen frocks, and the smart tailor-mades, the prettiest sleeve ceases mid-way between the elbow and wrist, perhaps a little in favour of the latter, and almost invariably concludes in a plethora of lawn or lace frills, which are carried up the back seam for a short distance, in the prettiest and most piquant fashion imaginable. The deep, floppy frill, let me reiterate once again, is completely a thing of the past, so far as frocks are concerned.

The Shoolbred Shirt

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the Shoolbred shirt goes on for ever. And the chances are it always will, for it is, unquestionably, the best thing of its kind ever produced. Tailor-cut and tailor-made by experienced men shirt-hands, the fit and finish are alike irreproachable, and the result cannot really be mentioned in the same breath with those hopelessly dowdy, ill-fitting, ready-made prototypes, the prevalence whereof came perilously near to ruining the whole career of the simple shirt.

It is not too much to say that the entire world of smart women are flocking to Tottenham House, in pursuit of this admirable detail, which allies itself so amiably with the neat tailor-made suit, that declines altogether to be ousted by the most fascinating frivolities in muslins and the like frail transparencies. I caught a glimpse recently of a smart Japleen shirt, in Bond Street, worn by a stylish woman, with a cloth suit in the new watteau red, the blue of the Japleen repeated in a *soupçon* of velvet on a black chip *chapeau*.

The choice of materials for this purpose runs approximately to about two thousand, the collection including many novel silk and cotton mixtures, such as the above-mentioned Japleen, together with such

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old favourites as voiles, mercerised cottons, cambrics, zephyrs, etc. In fact, every possible fabric is pressed into the service, while for the convenience of those too far removed from Tottenham House to pay a personal visit, self-measurement forms are provided, perfectly clear and simple statements that a child could follow, and from which thousands of models have been turned out to the complete satisfaction of both the wearers and Messrs. Shoolbred.

Some readers, perhaps, may think all this a great palaver to make over such an every-day concern as a tailor-made shirt, but one can nearly always trace a well-turned-out appearance to an undeviating attention to such little things of dress.

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A Woman's Note Book

Some one ought to write a pamphlet on "How to treat our old people." We have discourses, many of them lengthy and almost all inconclusive, on what to do with our sons, daughters, cats, dogs, complexions, or other possessions; and occasionally we catch some glimmer of light from these dissertations. But with regard to the old people, our theories are purely negative: confined to ignoring, if not snuffing them out altogether, and varying, broadly, according as our humane instincts are strong or slight, from "chloroforming at forty" to Barry Pain's more lenient view of old age, not as an unpardonable crime, but only as a lamentable weakness or "bad habit." Seriously, though, I think it is a great shame to make fun of a period of life which, obviously, has its merits, and even, no matter what the cynics suggest, its sphere of usefulness. Why should we be so dreadfully utilitarian, and conclude that because a man's arm is no longer strong enough to wield a hammer, nor his brain sufficiently steady for mathematical problems, he is therefore entirely a superfluity? Judging from this standpoint, we would have to sweep many agreeable objects from the face of the earth, including some great clumps of narcissi, which happen to be just opposite my seat, and are nodding their yellow heads in friendly salutation to me and the sunshine. I am pausing to look at the narcissi, trying vainly to discover their value from a utilitarian point of view. Do their slender forms hold drops of honey? I don't know, and I don't mind; but I would much rather have them there than cabbages.

But granting (though I don't believe it) that old people are really no *use*, is it not only fair that they should have a rest after labour, instead of being joked so unmercifully upon their right to existence? I seem to hear a chorus of replies, declaring that the work of most men, and more women, is so insignificant, that they have hardly earned the prolonged idleness which they, and nature, claim. Perhaps so; but is the work which you, my friends, are doing much more valuable. Yet I think I am not mistaken in saying that, when the time comes, you, too, will cry out for rest. I know *I* shall consider the stupendous labour involved in turning out my sentiments, for a post that will not wait, entitles me to that small corner of this world I may require when my fingers are too shaky to hold a pen—yes, even though my work was mere play, cheered by the smiling narcissi.

It is so rash to adopt theories we must alter when they come to affect us personally. Why not wage war against the disadvantages of our own age, instead of attacking the luxuries of a state into whose joys we all hope to enter. When I come to be regarded as an "old person," I shall uphold that position loyally; I think I shall form a crusade for the suppression of impertinent thought in youth, and the conventional honouring of grey hairs; but now I am too busy in active rebellion against the slights and insults offered to my present time of life. It is really more effectual to uphold one's own state, and leave other people to look after theirs. We err so much on the side of interference, that we may safely assume—especially if we happen to be women, when our natural tendency will direct us all the other way—that wisdom lies in minding our own business.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: Some Seasonable Salads

Every housekeeper should have in her larder some of John Burgess and Son's Potted Meat and Fish Pastes—there are no less than seventeen different kinds, which are quite invaluable for sandwiches, besides being a great addition on the breakfast table. They are sold in glass jars at a very moderate price, and, as they will keep any length of time unopened, are just the sort of thing one needs to take when going for the week-end up the river. I must also mention a particularly good salad cream sold by the same firm, and as the time for salads is now coming, my readers will do well to make a trial of a bottle. I am giving some recipes of salads which will be excellent served with the above cream.

TOMATO SALAD

Chop up some tomatoes quite small, flavour them with a bead of garlic, and a shallot chopped and rubbed through a sieve, which mix in with the tomatoes; add four tablespoonfuls of whipped aspic jelly and mix into the purée, with the same quantity of Burgess's Salad Cream. Decorate a mould with hard-boiled eggs, stamped out in fancy rounds and stars, and arrange them in tiers one above the other. Between each layer of egg place a leaf of chervil and a sprig of tarragon alternately. Fill the mould with the tomato purée, place on ice, and, when ready, turn out. Garnish with small salad round the base, arrange watercress prettily on the top, and sprinkle chopped aspic all over it.

POTATO AND TRUFFLE SALAD

Bake, peel, and slice some potatoes. Cut up some truffles, which have been boiled in white wine, into very thin slices, and arrange them in alternate layers in a salad bowl with the sliced potatoes; the last layer must be of truffles. Garnish with small pickled onions, fillets of anchovy, and either stoned or stuffed olives, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over plenty of salad cream.

LOBSTER SALAD

Wash some salad, and dry thoroughly by shaking it in a cloth. Cut up endive and lettuce. Put in a dish, and pour over dressing; throw in lightly some small salad. Mix all well together with the pickings from the body of a lobster. Pick the meat from the shell, cut it into nice square pieces, put half with the salad, add a little more dressing. Chop up finely the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, rub the yolks through the sieve, and the coral of the lobster. Garnish the salad with pieces of lobster, slices of cucumber, beetroot, the yolks and whites of the eggs and the coral arranged in little heaps, contrasting the colours well. Put the lobster claws sticking up in the centre of the salad, and pour some more dressing over.

This salad is nearly as good made with tinned lobster as with fresh lobster, and as the latter are sometimes very scarce, I would recommend my readers to try a tin of John Burgess and Son's, the very old established firm.

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THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS

The reviving taste in the ancient and agreeable art of miniature painting is carried a step further by means of the tenth annual exhibition of the now Royal Society, although we must own, the work, as a whole, is not quite up to the high standard of last year. After looking over the 230 or so examples that are hung this season on the walls of the Modern Gallery, one is depressed by the moderate attainment displayed in the bulk of the work. The shadow of the inimitable Cosway lies across the style of the modern miniaturist, and blurs and obscures much of the personal touch and original feeling that one has a right to expect in any artist's work. While the conventions of the graceful eighteenth-century painter are of little value and ill-become our period, his skill and spirit, wherein lie his alluring qualities, are not readily reproduced. But although the majority of the portraits are not of the highest, and fail in every way to recall the classic period of the art, there are several fine, and many pretty and graceful, examples to be found. Such delicate work as the "Miss Gweneth Dickson" of Miss Myers, or the large full-length portrait of "Mrs. Louis Duveen" by the Vice-President of the Society, Mr. Alyn Williams, are sure of praise and popularity, as are also the pretty "Lady Isabel Wilson" of Mr. Cecil Hobson, and "Mrs. Bedford" of Miss Kempthorne, and a dozen more. Among the few miniaturists who are inclined to revert to the pre-Cosway days, and introduce strength of colour into these "pictures in little," the work of Mr. Lionel Heath is particularly noticeable. "A Study in Black" and the "Phyllis," of which we give a reproduction, are especially interesting on this account; at the same time the painter loses something of that tentative quality which makes for romance and mystery, and often endows a subject with a beauty and interest—perhaps innate, but not apparent to the inartistic eye. In some of the masters of the past, the qualities of strength in colour and romance of feeling were combined, with the result that their work is at once convincing and beautiful. Several members of the Royal Society are making towards this ideal, and the near future will, no doubt, bring some important advances. In the meantime, we would call attention to the excellent work of Mrs. Massey, whose "Princess and young Princes" we reproduce; but of the six pictures she shows, the one entitled "Goats" is the most excellent, at once decorative and free, but well within the conventions of miniature work. Miss Jessie Bayes' painting on vellum, "Vieux Chanson," combines the charm of old illumination and the freedom of a later day. In the other work shown by this lady, such as "Trois Poemes du XVme Siècle," her excellent adaptation of the traditional manuscript work is seen to advantage, and forms one of the most interesting departures in the exhibition. Another point of interest is to be found in some fine copies in miniature of well-known pictures, such as the Hon. John Collier's "Merry Wives," by Mr. Richard Gurnell; "The late Viscountess Portman," by Miss Nowlan, after Mr. Cope's portrait; "The Madonna and Child," after Filippino Lippi; or the excellent "Laughing Cavalier," after Franz Hals. E. M.

H.R.H. Princess Mary of Wales
By Mrs. Gertrude Massey

T R H Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales
By Mrs. Gertrude Massey

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SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

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IRISH HANDWORK.

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Sold in 5-gallon drums, with convenient screw bung and tap, funnel, and substantial understand.

Also two 1-gallon and two 1-quart cans (empty), with special lip, nozzle, and air-vent.

Complete Set,
22/6
As per Illustration.

Sold also in 1-gallon and 1-quart canisters, 4/6 and 1/6 each, or in

Customers' own Drums at 3s. 6d. per Gallon
Cyclops (Solidified for road wheels) in tins, 9d. each

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£185	£240	£320	£410	£580

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8 H.-P. TONNEAU.	10 H.-P. TONNEAU.	12-14 H.-P. TONNEAU.	18-24 H.-P. SIDE ENTRANCE.
De Dion Engine.	2 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.
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Simple, Silent, Successful.
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BRIDGE: Our Weekly Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION, WITH WEEKLY COMPETITION RUNNING CONCURRENTLY.

Prizes

Weekly Competition—First Prize Each Week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" BRIDGE CASE, value £1 1s.

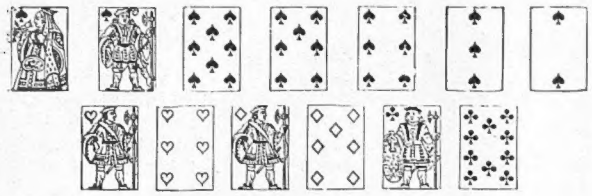
QUARTERLY COMPETITION—£10 10s. IN CASH to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Eighth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

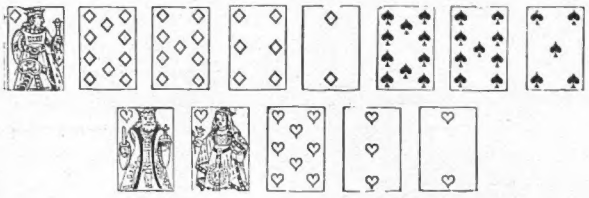
PROBLEM XXII.

First Game. Score: 12-all.



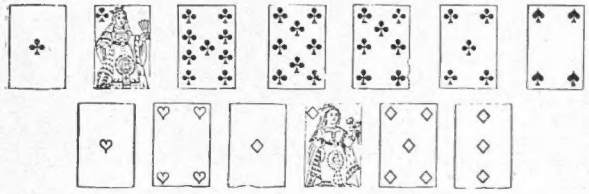
PROBLEM XXIII.

Game All: Dealer, Love; Adversaries, 20.



PROBLEM XXIV.

Game All: 18-all.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXII., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the eighth week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, May 22, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

SIXTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XVI.-XVIII.

This week ten competitors obtained full marks; some of them have already obtained prizes; from the remainder we have selected the three sets of solutions best entitled to the prizes.

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Captain Lyons, The Grosvenor Club, Piccadilly, W.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

Major H. H. Rich, R.A., Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood, Kent.

Talbot Hassell, Esq., Tynemouth, Northumberland.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems XVI., XVII., and XVIII., in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Brown Cat, Kirkland I., Lazarus, Mucross, P.M.S., Raniput, Scrutator, Star, Tylhus, Zyp; 14, Albeg, Ap Twm, Blue, Cave Canem, Cumtux, Donly, Dragon, Kirkland II., Pons, Sackbut, Viking, Zif II.; 13, Bridge of Sighs, Bruce's Spider, Captain Cuttle, Eblow, Ernst, Essem, Fen, L.S.D., Pelican, Sauchieleigh, Toil; 12, Bijou, Blockhead, Hockey, Joker, Lucia, Mammon, Melai, Mendip Lodge, Pelaw, Puffin Boy, White Cat; 11, Chippe, Miles, Overbury; 10, Arms, A Stander-by, Bulbs, Diana, Gamndin, Inga, Lance Fieldoak, Luppy, Noxious, Oltonia, Peter, Purley, Scorpion, Simplicity, Waverley; 9, Alexander, Alleyn, Arrow, C. A. M., Darkie, Logger, Flossette, Horatio, Moth, Nip, Not 'Arf, Norland, Pellon, Swansfield; 8, Awapuni, Bank, Bis dat qui cito dat, Chlorodyne, Grosvenor, Ina I., Mate, Queen's, Simplex, Warwick; 7, Special Scotch, Strategy; 6, Fantôme, Tic-Tac, Willimoteswick; 5, Badger, Calcutta, East Devon Club, Electricity, Ewell, Laleham, Mad, Moorhouse, Portner, Pul, Trixie, Wantacas; 4, Crocks, Eileen, Ina II., Watadam, Windsor.

SOLUTIONS OF FIFTH WEEKLY COMPETITIONS DELAYED IN POST.—14, Spolnud; 10, Gamndin, Fen; 5, Waverley; 4, Three Feathers.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XVI., XVII., XVIII.

PROBLEM XVI.—Declare hearts. It is a tempting no-trumper, and promising enough. But you want to make game; and it is much more of a certainty that you will make two tricks in hearts than two in no-trumps. At love-all, or even, perhaps, if you were six or eight, no-trumps would be the better call; but not at sixteen.

PROBLEM XVII.—Declare clubs. If your partner is strong enough to give you a red suit declaration, your two hands together are strong enough to get the two tricks in clubs you require. If he can only give you a weak spade, it would probably be doubled, and clubs becomes the best defensive call you could have made.

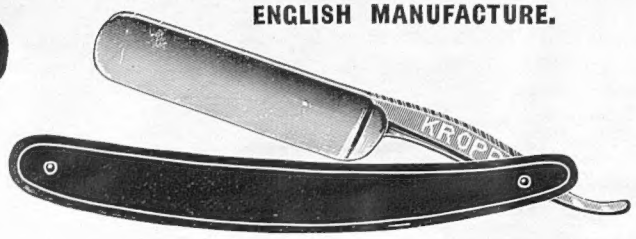
PROBLEM XVIII.—Leave it. If I were playing in good luck, I should probably call no-trumps on the hand, because, with the cards so nicely distributed, I should be able to make the best of any good cards my partner held. But, seeing that it is only a knave above an average hand, the sounder play is to leave it.

We have allotted the following *noms-de-guerre*:—F. H., "Warwick"; T. C. N, "Queen's"; G. M. S., "Norland"; J. G. G., "Windsor"; E. B. E., "Ewell"; A. R. G., "Alleyn"; R. F. H., "Bank"; M. B. L., "Moorhouse"; S. C. C., "Overbury."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Tic-Tac. We cannot afford the space. If your friends keep the back numbers, they can always refer back.—Common. The dealer may leave it.—C. C. 14.—H. C. M. W. and R. I. A dealer must leave the declaration if he has a hand on which he should not declare; there is never any compulsion on him to declare.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.
KROPP
ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.



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RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

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Flannel Suit From £2 10 0	Frock Coat & Vest From £3 3 0
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Quality is Perfect.
Price is Moderate. !
Buy it and Try it.

This rich Tobacco is sold in two strengths—Mild and Medium. 2 oz. pkts., Is.; and ¼lb. tins, 2s., at all high-class Tobacconists. Sample 2 oz. pkt., Is. Id.; or ¼lb. tin, 2s. 2d., sent post free, from the Sole Manufacturers—
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh.

INSURE AGAINST BALDNESS, GREYNESS, AND FALLING HAIR.

TATCHO

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

EVERY USER BECOMES A LIVING TESTIMONIAL TO THE POWERS OF "TATCHO."

Since arrangements of a business nature were completed by Mr. GEO. R. SIMS, Playwright and Author, by which the world might benefit by his discovery of "Tatcho" *for the growth of the hair*, hundreds of thousands have paid tribute to him for this remarkable specific. Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they keep their berths to their being able to retain their hair in a *youthful and wholesome condition*. Unconsciously, thousands for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business career.

Every year the cry

"TOO OLD AT 40"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who recently took the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that people should be chloroformed at 60, he was not taken seriously.

How true it would have been if Professor Osler had said that, so far from being able to earn a living, the bald-headed and grey-haired might as well be

"CHLOROFORMED AT 40."

Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' "Tatcho." Autograph letters have recently appeared in the public press from Officers high in authority in the Army and Navy, well-known Doctors, and Society Leaders, all testifying *in the most unmistakable terms* to the efficacy of "Tatcho" in bringing on the hair and nourishing grey hair, by natural process, back to its original rich colour.

The Discoverer of "Tatcho." [*Photo by Lavis.*

"Tatcho," Non-Oily, a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. **"Tatcho," Oily**, a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "Tatcho," Non-Oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair. **"Tatcho"** is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter, or any ingredient harmful to the scalp. **"Tatcho"** is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9**, and **4/6**.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

Now, to answer all arguments, to let "Tatcho" show for itself *what it can do*, and to familiarise the public with it on terms within the reach of all, the Company have empowered their Chief Chemist to supply all applicants with

A FULL-SIZE 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO," CARRIAGE PAID, FOR 1/10.

This is tantamount to *giving money away*; but what is its bearing on the object the Company have in view, that is, the placing of the genuine article on the toilet table of even the poorest in the land? Just this, that each user becomes *a living testimonial* to the powers of "Tatcho." A hundred thousand such users are of infinitely greater service than a *hundred thousand pounds* spent on press publicity. It is to this saving in publicity that the public owe the benefit of being able to obtain "Tatcho" on this mutually beneficial arrangement. Such is the Company's faith in the possibilities of "Tatcho." The rest is in your hands.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

THIS COUPON Entitles the Sender to a large 4/6 Trial Bottle for 1/10

Carriage Paid. Bystander, May 17, 1905

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, LONDON.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Spring—Poets—and Clothes

Many of us have shuddered at the thoughts of Spring. Not that we do not appreciate the bursting of the buds, the shimmering green of the countryside, the joyous song of the birds, and the many other attributes to be found plentifully besprinkled through the Spring verses of the poets. No, it isn't that, but the fact is, we must leave our overcoats at home with the advent of the sun and the straw hats, and the old, old suit, which has done such good service (under cover), must be replaced by a new one which must go out into the light of day without the ministrations of the friendly overcoat. There are few places where the man of average means can get the same quality, style, and fit in his clothes, as at Mr. John Bult's, 140, Fenchurch Street. We have received Mr. Bult's book of new styles for the present season, and as these are exclusive in cut, the well-dressed man cannot do better than send for one, and after that call personally. Mr. Bult's advice in sartorial matters will often help a man to dress himself much smarter than ever before. Mr. Bult understands such matters perfectly, and the man who trusts to his advice will not be disappointed.

Great Northern Railway Farmhouse and Seaside Guide

Travellers from King's Cross, London to Scotland, and to stations in the North of England, find the shortest and quickest route, combined with every modern convenience for luxurious travelling, by the Great Northern Railway. Not only during the summer, but every part of the year, this Company monopolises public support, for, with the long-distance journeys costing only a trifle over the single fare for the double journey, the public are capitally served to those places of historic romance and loveliness of scenery through which the Great Northern line runs. In order to increase the convenience of visitors, the Company have issued a beautifully compiled Guide to Hotels and Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses and seaside and country villages in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, etc. The particulars are explained in a most lucid and interesting manner, the house or hotel being described as fully as possible, together, where the information is available, with its accommodation and the features of interest in the neighbourhood.

Defeating Fog

A noteworthy fact in connection with the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, is, that all the cooking carried on at the Exhibition was done by gas—smoke-producing coal being conspicuous by its absence. Numerous interesting cooking demonstrations and competitions took place each day, and much special interest has been taken in those conducted in the model kitchens fitted up by the Gas Light and Coke Company, where it is shown how gas can be conveniently used for all purposes in the kitchen—whether that kitchen be in a hotel, restaurant, mansion, villa, flat, or working-man's home. Fogs would lose much of their terrors, if every kitchen in London had its gas range, and the fact that the gas-cooking stoves on hire in the district of the Gas Light and Coke Company alone increased last year in number from 192,531 to 220,215, is a hopeful sign that this most desirable consummation may be reached in the near future.

A Welcome Little Souvenir

The Nelson Centenary, which is being commemorated by the Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court, has called forth a useful little souvenir from our contemporary the *Daily Graphic*, which is always to the front in anything which concerns the Services. The souvenir, which is sold at the price of one penny, is a well-printed, illustrated booklet, of a handy slip-into-the-pocket size. It contains some sixty odd pages, and anybody who reads it through will have a better idea than ever before of how we stand in the matter of ships, guns, and men, in comparison with the rest of the world. Interesting comparisons, illustrated with diagrams, make the matter as simple as can be to understand. The Souvenir is prefaced by a sketch of Nelson's life, with pictures which mark the important milestones in his career. While at the Exhibition, visitors should not fail to pay a visit to the *Daily Graphic* Naval Exhibit—a chart of the world in relief, upon which all the ships in the Navy, in miniature, are placed, their positions being altered in accordance with advice received day by day from all parts of the world. Here the Souvenir may be obtained, or at the *Daily Graphic* offices, 190, Strand.

A Useful "Book of Travel"

From our enterprising contemporary, the *Queen*, we have received the 1905 issue of their useful "Book of Travel," which, we note, is twice as thick as the issue for 1904. This means that double the number of "Practical Hints" have been gathered together, and these, with the additional maps and illustrations, render the little book indispensable alike to those who travel merely as a means, as to those who seek travel as an end in itself.

A New Quarter-Plate Roll Film Kodak

Following closely upon the announcement of the No. 2 Folding Brownie, comes an intimation that the Kodak Company is placing upon the market a similar camera for pictures 4¼ by 3¼ inches, or quarter-plate. To the hundreds and thousands of amateurs who have a predilection for this popular shape and size of picture, the new camera will be exceedingly welcome, because it offers, at the very modest figure of 37*s*. 6*d*., an apparatus possessing all the movements essential in a camera of the kind, as well as the charms of the roll film and its daylight loading and changing facilities. The claim to portability and compactness made for the Kodak cameras is well substantiated by the new Brownie, which weighs not more than 26½ ounces, and measures only 8½ by 5 by 2¾ inches.

The LATEST and CHEAPEST

Prism Binocular

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THE "ZONAC"

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Number indicates magnification.

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